TEN CENTS A COPY

The House of Dooner, by T. A. Daly, on page 1002

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME IV | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1928 | NUMBER 49

Liberty—and Hot Dogs

ONE seldom or never visits objects of interest at one's very door. We, ourselves, had never pushed off from the Battery to Bedloe's Island, till the other day. And it only costs thirty cents, thirty cents for the round trip, to see the Statue of Liberty.

We have viewed Bartholdi's colossal goddess from liners both departing and returning across the Atlantic. And we have pondered, at such times, upon American liberty enlightening the world. There is one kind of American to whom the statue's principal claim to fame is that it cost a million dollars. Emotionalists have professed themselves thrilled by its significance. The saturnine have insisted upon its tragic irony.

We ourselves ate a hot dog in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, and we have now become to ourselves a type and symbol of the average. A frankfurter in a split roll, with mustard,—the preferred holiday pabulum of the lower middle class. And we enjoyed it extremely. For we were very hungry.

Also our legs were wobbly. We had climbed clear up beneath the spiky crown of the goddess to view the harbor; and those steep, twisting iron stairs, for all the intermittent semicircular seats designed to rest the weary (which we very properly scorned), exercised many unused muscles in our calves and thighs. Yes, our legs would hardly sustain us as we descended through Liberty's iron entrails again; our vision was a bit wobbly from gazing from a height; and our mind was a bit wobbly through the conflict of dream with fact. So, after a glance or so around at Fort Wood, we retraced our steps down the lower terrace, found a bench by the seawall and consumed one of the hot dogs they sell to the Saturday crowds.

* * *

It was a clear, bright, sunny afternoon. We looked off toward the Narrows. Our brain still reeled at the close proximity of that enormous arm that holds the torch. We had been so close to that upraised arm, peering out from under the goddess's crown, that the near portions seemed more like the trunk of some gigantic tree, save that the branching vast girth of metal was verdigrised as well as weather-stained. We had learned a few facts about the statue and we were bewildered by data concerning two hundred and ten packing cases (full of statue) transported from Rouen to New York in 1885. It had taken them about six months to put all the parts together and to raise the statue on the island. . . .

Then we realized that we were quite as bad as the kind of American who, when he gazes at Liberty, can only see a million dollars spent for what is now (thanks to President Coolidge) a National Monument. Yet that massive figure at our sea-portal must stand for something. We used to think that it stood for something. We were taught as children that it stood for something. What did it stand for on this Saturday? For a short pleasure-trip with a fiddler on the deck, the climbing of all those iron steps through visceral lattice-work of iron, adjurations to little Johnny not to miss his footing, to Susie to stand perfectly still and Mother would catch up with her,—gasps from the highest windowed balcony, the arduous descent again, the tour of the terraces, the remarks upon the star-cornered nests of reflectors in use only at night, a squint through the telescope that points over at the New York skyline,—and, before the little boat returns for you, a hot dog in a split roll, with mustard.

Hot dog! But that is the least of the nation's crimes committed in the name of Liberty, at least according to Herr Mencken and many others. Nowadays, if we speak of the goddess, most of us

(*Continued on page* 1000)

Down Rector Street

(*To Syrian Town*)

By CHARLES DIVINE

I HAVE wandered in streets low-ceilinged like this
In Africa and have heard the hiss
Of native lover from lintel calling,
The street roofed over for shade, not trains,
As here it is in the latticed lanes
Where torments of steel are falling,
Falling on fools,
And the sun drinks up gold through a thousand straws
From violet pools.

The ceiling recedes from our laughter
And the tall, white buildings upward glide,
And shops of silk chemises, laces, softnesses in little places,
Rub their elbows at my side—
Around the corner, tambourines, trays, and incense jars,
And a tom-tom never beneath the stars
As I have heard in Africa,
But dusty, fly-specked by the door,
And only the drums of the city beat
For the restless ritual of our feet
Where the tall, white buildings are not too old
And Wadie Saadi, the jeweler, sits in a window twisting gold.

This Week

"Possible Worlds."
Reviewed by *Raymond Pearl*
"Human Values and Verities."
Reviewed by *H. W. Kallen.*
"Andrew Johnson, Plebian and Patriot."
Reviewed by *William MacDonald.*
"Harold the Webbed."
Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*
"We Are Incredible."
Reviewed by *Gladys Graham.*
"Carnack."
Reviewed by *Mary Austin.*
"Browning Parleyings."
Reviewed by *Emery Neff.*
Off the Deep End. II.
By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Thackeray: One of the Olympians.
By *Fabian Franklin.*

Some American Criticism

By MARY M. COLUM

SOCIAL criticism of a high order is not very commonly written outside America; literary criticism of a high order is not very commonly written outside France—it is, perhaps, rather less common in the English-speaking world than it is elsewhere. With unwritten criticism the case is different: some of the best criticism I have ever encountered was tossed out in conversation by men who would never take the trouble to write a critical article; and certainly in a country which has produced so great a literature as England an acute literary criticism must have flourished, even if it were of the indeliberate sort thrown up in argument over the ale and bitters in a Bloomsbury public-house. Perhaps because of this long unwritten tradition the general run of literary criticism in England is far higher than the general run here, even though I believe that on this side we have better critics of all kinds though fewer of them. But our better critics could rarely be depended on to write as good literary criticism for the reason that they would be too much concerned with problems not of major importance in literature; too frequently they immerse themselves in some form of propaganda, interesting in itself, but of little value as literary criticism; too often some of the best of them look out at life from their study windows, unaware, seemingly, that the critic, like other writers, has to know the street and the market place.

So it happens that of the three books before me on contemporary American literature by far the best, the most honest, the most efficient, and the most entertaining is the English book, a collection of articles by seven writers reprinted from the London *Mercury*. Of the American background Mr. Whipple, in his book "Spokesmen," shows a more real understanding—in fact, he has a profound comprehension of American life, a quality which helps him to pick out when he quotes from an author the most revealing passages in that author's work: his quotations, for example, from Edwin Arlington Robinson come out of a depth of understanding of the life from which the poet sprang, even out of a depth of understanding of the poet's temperament which we do not see in the quotations chosen by Mr. J. C. Squire in his article on the same poet. Yet Mr. Squire's article is infinitely the better of the two—of the three I should say, for Mr. Gorham Munson has in his book also an article on Robinson. Mr. Munson, however, is taken up in the whole of his book with a sort of romantic propaganda for "classicism" which makes him blind of an eye when he gazes on the work of any writer, whether poet or novelist or critic.

Several of the articles in the three books are on the same writers: indeed one cannot help getting the impression that what are called the significant American writers are being too much written about. Of the three articles on Vachel Lindsay, Edward Davison's, in the English book, shows marks of being too hastily thrown together; Mr. Gorham Munson's and Mr. Whipple's have all the marks of hav-

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CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Edited by J. C. SQUIRE. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $2.

SPOKESMEN. By T. K. WHIPPLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1928. $2.50.

DESTINATIONS. By GORHAM B. MUNSON. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1928. $2.

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ing been carefully, not to say painfully, compounded; yet Mr. Davison's is by far the sounder article. He actually does understand Lindsay better than the two American writers; where he finds fault he does so without that condescension and patronage which characterizes so much of the criticism of this poet. It does seem to me that, more than other American writers, Vachel Lindsay has just ground for grievance against the kind of criticism that is handed out to him. He is being continually talked down to by people who imagine that because his poetry is about Chinese laundry men and Gypsies and Negroes and the Salvation Army and the Soap-box it is some sort of a reflection on American *kultur* and refinement. He is being continually exhorted to become something that God never intended him to be, and which if he were would be a serious drawback to himself and his poetry. Mr. Gorham Munson declares that Lindsay never defines the vague terms, democracy, art, and religion. Well, would it add anything to poetry like Lindsay's if he did define them? Defining terms may be very much in the line of a poet like Alexander Pope, or Boileau, or even at times of great classical poets like Dante or Sophocles, but Lindsay is a romantic and lyrical poet, and there is no use in asking him to be another sort of poet. And what can Mr. Munson possibly mean when he tells us that the one operation necessary for a judgment of Lindsay's poetry is a comparison between Poe and Lindsay? And what can Mr. Whipple mean when he informs us that Lindsay has never recognized the value of the poetic temper and never espoused the life of realization? What is the life of realization? And what good would it do Lindsay's poetry if he did manage to espouse it?

* * *

The truth is that the writers in the English book stand out with such distinction in comparison with the writers of the two American books because they do really understand what literature is, and they profoundly understand English literature. Twenty years from now a profound comprehension of Eng-

literature may not be one of the prime necessi-

in a critic of American literature, but at present

ıost assuredly is. For some reason, many highly

gı..ed American critics, and particularly the New England critics, have never really understood English literature—they have shown a far greater understanding of other literatures: Mr. Brownell and Mr. More really give the impression of liking best such literature in English as most resembles French; Mr. Babbitt condescends to nearly every great English writer. Perhaps there is about the great English writers something too abundant, too passionate, and too romantic for their minds to sympathize with.

* * *

In his essay on Willa Cather, Mr. Whipple refers to the absurd blundering common to English discussion of American books. If ever it were true the phrase does not apply at all to these London *Mercury* writers. The study of Edith Wharton by Osbert Burdett, blurred, as Mr. Canby points out in his introduction to the book, by the English critic's difficulty in placing her smart set in any society conceivable to him, does, nevertheless, by the sharpened edge of its penetration, pierce down to the real essentials of Mrs. Wharton in a manner that makes it in some ways the most interesting article in the book. Of the three American articles on Dreiser,—the writer on Dreiser in the English book happens also to be an American—it is easy to award the palm to Mr. Whipple's even although it has all his peculiar faults. He is too generally guilty, in spite of his sensibility to literature, of that usual fault in critics—using an unfortunate author as a peg on which to hang his own ideas of life and literature, and Mr. Whipple cannot always discriminate between the distinguished and the banal in his own ideas. The essays in his book would gain tremendously by being tightened in the writing and toughened in the thought. An uncommon lack of bias gives him a wide understanding of American life which really adds an unusual distinction to his book, for a critic who can dispassionately look at the various facets and phases of life in this country, and accept them for what they are worth, is really uncommon. If one compares his book with the review of "Contemporary American Authors" written by Miss Ellen Glasgow in *Books*, in which she expresses a common enough attitude to literature and American life, one will understand why Mr. Whipple's book, in spite of some obvious weaknesses, is one to be heartily recommended.

Miss Glasgow called her article "What is Americanism?" and one may be sure that to a good many of her readers it expressed sound commonsense because it exactly represented their own views. The English critics, very properly, concern themselves to some degree with the American qualities in the authors they are discussing; they are interested in discovering what in this new American literature makes it different from European literature. Miss Glasgow, irritated by this, propounds a usual question asked by Americans who have an unconscious or even conscious objection to the application of the word "American" to any except a small proportion of the inhabitants of this republic. She wants to know what definition of Americanism could be stretched to include states so remote from each other as some of the Eastern from the Western states. "How is it possible," she asks, "to distinguish this single quality (i. e., Americanism) in two aspects so interesting and yet so opposite as the seething mass of Mr. Sherwood Anderson's inhibitions and the bleached bones of Mr. Ernest Hemingway's satiety?" Now the writing of Sherwood Anderson has as much in common with that of Hemingway as the work of T. F. Powys has with the work of Virginia Woolf. Anderson and Hemingway have indeed a quality in their writing and in their conception of character that can very definitely be described as American; Mr. Powys and Mrs. Woolf have a quality which is definitely English. The people of Yorkshire differ from the people of Devon and the people of Man at least as much as the people of Massachusetts differ from the people of California and Texas. It is a matter of simple truth that when contemporary American writers are real writers they have an essentially American quality. The muddled attitude of Miss Glasgow as to what literature is is revealed in the following sentence:

> As a matter of justice, it appears to me that at least a narrow foothold in our "autochthonous" literature should be reserved for those American authors whose ancestors bore the hardest burden in making the wilderness safe for the immigration authorities.

* * *

Now there is nothing whatever to prevent such Americans from producing *all* of America's "autochthonous" literature if they have the power, the passion, the intellect, and the imagination capable of doing so. Why ask for a narrow foothold when they can have all the foothold if they only have the power to produce the literature? But no foothold, however narrow, can be reserved for any group merely because their ancestors came over with the Mayflower or with Lord Baltimore, or made any wilderness, either of the earth, mind, or spirit, safe for the immigration authorities. Entrance to the courts of literature is not given on a quota system. Miss Glasgow's article would make us believe that she does not know what literature is. She may tell me that it is her business to produce literature and not to know what it is, and with that I might agree with her, but then I would ask her to keep out of literary criticism.

Mr. Gorham Munson also has his own peculiar ideas about the sort of people who ought to produce American literature, and he seems to have convinced himself that these must not be romantic—they must be classicists; he is doing his bit to revive the old quarrel between classicists and romanticists so beloved of the academic critic. Unfortunately for Mr. Munson, he takes his ideas of romanticism from Irving Babbitt's disorderly mind, and particularly from his amorphous book, "Rousseau and Romanticism," and, as would be natural, confounds romanticism with Rousseauan sentimentalism. Where he credits the statement that man is naturally good to the romanticists, he should credit it to Rousseau and the sentimentalists.

* * *

Mr. Munson who assails Vachel Lindsay for not defining vague terms like Democracy, Art, and Religion, does not himself give us any notion as to what he means by classicism and romanticism. The American writers he calls Romantics fit into no conception of Romanticism that I have ever encountered, and the three critics whom he calls Classicists —More, Babbitt, and Brownell—are almost equally misnamed. It would be very easy to show that Mr. Paul Elmer More has far more of a tendency towards Romanticism than towards Classicism. Mr. Babbitt is not really a literary critic, and his outstanding interest is in the formulation of ethical principles. Mr. Brownell's main work has to do with the interpretation of the French mind, and he has done this superemely well. The most distinguished of the three, Mr. Paul Elmer More, is a very fine critic of the academic type who is never much at his ease with contemporary writers. Is it possible that Mr. Munson confuses the academic mind and the classical mind?

Insufficient as all definitions are, it clearly behooves me at this point to produce some definition in an attempt to clarify the confusion with which Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Munson, and the younger demi-academic minds have bewildered us. A clarifying, if necessarily incomplete definition of Romanticism is given by Professor Gustave Lanson in his "History of French Literature": "A Romantic literature is a literature in which lyricism dominates." To this I add a definition which I believe to be my own, and which has the same incompleteness as M. Lanson's: A romantic literature is a literature which places more importance on will, desire, and emotion than upon intellect. A classical literature, on the other hand, places most importance on the intellect. By an understandable decline, a period of pseudo-classical literature can place most importance upon reason. It must not be assumed from these defintions that the great Classicists were deficient in emotion or the great Romanticists in intellect—it is merely a question of emphasis.

* * *

The proper place to study real Romanticism is in a great romantic literature like English and not in rebellious outbreaks of it in an otherwise non-romantic literature like the French; the proper place to study Classicism is in a great classical literature like the Greek, and not in rebellious outbreaks of it in an otherwise romantic literature like the English. It must be remembered that a good deal of what passes as devotion to Classicism in universities and halls of learning, is nothing more than an inclination towards thin and meagre forms of life, a temperamental desire to be on the safe side. A person may be under the illusion that he is an upholder of classicism when all he is upholding are certain well-established and safe forms of thinking and feeling, being himself somewhat thin in intellectual and emotional fire. A writer may imagine he is a romantic when all that he may be is disorderly in his mind and undisciplined in his emotional processes. Struggling to apply these terms somehow to American literature may supply an interesting course in intellectual gymnastics, but for any literature produced in this country up to the present they have no real or practicable application. Actually, there have been only three romantic writers in American literature, and two of them are now living; there have been no classical writers at all. American literature has been something in which the modes are mixed. And the great drawback to American literature is not that it has been romantic or classical, but that it has suffered too much from that sort of anemia which overtakes all writers who are meagre in their experience of life and literature; it has suffered too much from that mental weediness that comes from insufficiently nourished and insufficiently stimulated minds.

How many American writers are there whose most extensive awareness of life, has been bounded by crude or elementary sex experience, or limited to helping their wives to wash the baby, sow the flower seeds, mow the lawn, and do a little house work?

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the British Premier, recently stated, says the *Manchester Guardian*, "that if he were cast on a desert island and were allowed only one book, he would choose the 'Oxford English Dictionary.' He referred to Lord Oxford's preference in a similar situation—Balzac (forty volumes —the Dictionary has twenty). Dr. Johnson was more reasonable. When he went to the Highlands he took with him a volume of 'Cocker's Arithmetic.' 'Well, sir,' he replied to the inquisitive Boswell, 'if you are to have but one book with you upon a journey, let it be a book of science. When you have read through a book of entertainment, you know it and it can do no more for you; but a book of science is inexhaustible.' But as he made a present of Cocker to the landlady's daughter at Glenmorison, we must presume that the lexicographer had confused his own definition and exhausted the inexhaustible!"

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Ecce Homo Omnisciens

POSSIBLE WORLDS. By J. B. S. HALDANE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND PEARL

Johns Hopkins University

THERE are few persons in these times who have the courage to put on the habiliments of universal genius and walk down Main Street at noon-day. So many who have tried it in the past have slipped on a banana peel and disappeared through an open coal hole, with great and immediate loss of dignity, that most scientific men are cautious about trying the experiment. Very likely they are too cautious. For if successful the trip makes a gaudy show, which must be in the highest degree cheering to the star. And it certainly entertains and edifies the spectators.

Because most professors are cowards only emphasizes the fact that some are brave men. One of these is J. B. S. Haldane. He has proved it in more ways than one. The latest evidence is his new book "Possible Worlds." For in it he ranges over the whole field of human knowledge and interests, with an abandon which leaves even such a professional oracle as the Rev. Frank Crane seeming, by contrast, almost diffident in the practice of his exegetical powers.

The best part of it all is that Haldane gets away with it, as the phrase goes. His feet slip occasionally during the parade, but never once does he really crash. The reason, of course, is that he is, in fact, one of a not very large number of the most intelligent human beings now living. With a lineage of distinguished and able people behind him, he enjoys every advantage that both biological and social inheritance can bring to the development of a man's personality. And the result is such as to gladden the heart of any eugenical pastor grown gloomy over his scrubby flock, and to renew his faith in the power of Good Genes.

I have intimated that the range of topics dealt with in this book is wide. There are discussed, among other things, biology, physics, chemistry, mathematics, philosophy, psychology, metaphysics, medicine, agriculture, astronomy, politics, sociology, economics, education, ethics, statistics, art, theology —but why go on? This is evidence enough to establish my thesis, and lists, like tables, make weary readers. Only a courageous person would venture, himself alone, to tell the world about so many things.

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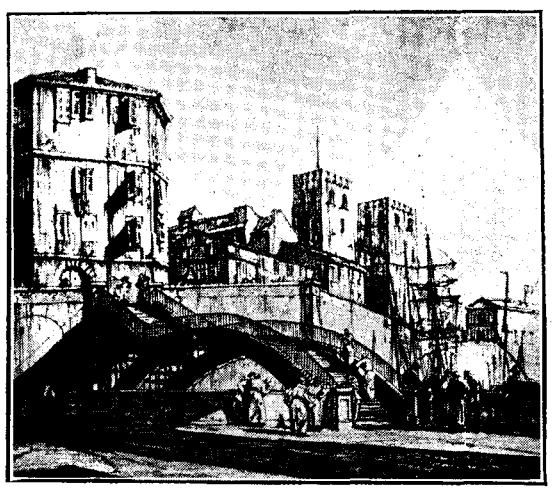
The telling is well done. Haldane has an easy style, a nice sense of effective words, a keen wit, and occasionally achieves a paragraph which takes high rank as English prose writing. And above all he has an original and ingenious mind. His approach to any topic is almost never the conventional one. For example:

> If I thought that science in its present embryonic state could be applied to politics I should become a politician. But it certainly cannot. Man is no more a mere animal than he is an economic unit. It is quite true that biological laws apply to him as mechanical laws do. Good intentions alone are as useless against small-pox as against an earthquake, though they are needed for dealing with both these calamities. But to predict the behavior of men in the mass we require knowledge of a special kind of psychology. And at the present moment the expert politician knows ten times as much of it as the best psychologist. But there is this big difference between the two. What little knowledge the psychologist possesses, though it is so abstract and meagre as to be of very little practical value, can be put in a form accessible to other psychologists. The same cannot be said of the politicians.

The danger in writing so cleverly about scientific matters as Haldane does is that a great many people will take the result as gospel, and conclude that this sort of thing *is* science. It is, of course, nothing of the sort, as no one realizes more clearly than Haldane himself. He does not mean in the least to pose as a universal genius. It only seems so because in this book he is operating in the field of journalism, and the journalist must be omniscient. It is a requirement of the profession, as now practised. But it must be said that Haldane's book is journalism of a high order of merit. An original and well stocked mind plays about with all sorts of ideas. Any newspaper editor would give something approaching a fortune if he could have a Haldane on the job daily. Since, by the author's own confession, these essays were written "to a large extent in railway trains," and therefore did not interfere with the application of his talents to matters of greater importance, remarks as to the wisdom of a scientific man of first-rate ability using his time and energy in journalism are not pertinent. In point of fact it would probably be a good thing for their scientific activities, as well as for humanity at large, if more such men did just this. It is a wonderful prophylactic against mental sclerosis.

Roughly the book is about equally divided between history and prophecy. As might have been expected the history is, on the whole, the sounder, and the prophecy is the more amusing. But there are exceptions to both these generalizations. The essays on "Immunity" and "The Fight Against Tuberculosis," for example, are very thin pap indeed. The statement in the latter essay that: "For the price of a cigar or a cinema a week you can protect your child against its most dangerous enemy" (by buying Grade A milk), is more worthy of a Cattaraugus County uplifter than of the son of a great physiologist.

On the other hand two other essays falling in the historical category, those on "Oxygen Want" and "Water Poisoning and Salt Poisoning," are excellent examples of popular scientific exposition at something approaching its best. The story of the author's experiments on himself, entitled "On Being One's Own Rabbit," is not only amusing,



From "Modern Masters of Etching: H. Rushbury" (William Edwin Rudge)

but gives the layman some real insight into the point of view of the scientific investigator. This essay is, in fact, one of the best things in the book. After recounting the details of a series of experiments which had extremly uncomfortable immediate consequences, involving the loss of ten percent of his blood volume, and of seven pounds of body weight in three days, he shows what the significance of such experiments is in the warfare on disease. The essay ends as follows:

> Finally, since the public has begun to pay for medical research, it has a perfect right to know how its money is being spent. During last year about one part in four millions of the national revenue was employed during some weeks in keeping me awake during attacks of tetany, and in analyzing blood samples drawn from me in the course of them. It has been the object of this article to suggest that one-four-millionth of the nation's income was well spent.

Criticizing prophecies is, by one degree, a more futile occupation than making them. If the maker cannot prove his case the critic cannot disprove it. And furthermore the critic runs the risk of coming an awful cropper. For if you suggest that some particular speculation is wild and wholly unwarranted, that is almost sure to be the very one that comes true. These thoughts are precipitated by the essay on "The Future of Biology." With some of the prophecies therein stated or implied most biologists would doubtless agree. Others, most biologists would think extravagant or impossible. But I refrain from saying which are which. I only remark that a courageous young biologist could probably prophesy more to the taste of biologists than a biochemist. But doubtless this is mere professional prejudice.

The essay which gives the title to the book is an interesting philosophical and metaphysical struggle with the problem which Bishop Berkeley thought he had solved. The angle of approach is to discuss the kinds of worlds in which animals live that have sense perception patterns different from ours.

Altogether the book is entertaining and stimulating. It will enhance the author's already outstanding reputation as a popular *feuilleton* writer in the scientific field.

A Good Time Was Had . . .

HUMAN VALUES AND VERITIES. HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1928.

Reviewed by H. M. KALLEN

IN this book a distinguished historian, in the autumn of his life, seeks to utter the sum of all history. "Nearing the close of my long education," the author explains, "a yearning for synthesis urged me to one more effort . . . This book is the result of my need and my attempt to meet it."

If any expect to find in a synthesis so animated and so formed a fresh perspective or a new hope, they will be properly disappointed. Necessarily it is a retrospect and gathering up. Here is no universe running down to nothing, such as Henry Adams painted so vividly and with resignation; no happy accident of a life of reason which once won the jewel-like approval of George Santayana. Mr. Taylor's roots are in an untransmuted tradition, and his fruits are that sweetness and somewhat dimmed light which were the middle class excellence of his generation at its maturity. I am able to read no past of doubt and conflict in his synthesis, no vestige of a battle lost or a great passion overcome: rather the smooth flow of an unstrained consciousness into the hardly less troubled calms of an old age looking backward, but not around. To the present generation such a temper and perspective, all ease and gentility, in a world with God somehow in his heaven and somehow no evil on earth, is a desirable other world, never attainable in this. That it is a world which its own fathers and grandfathers actually could and did live in is a pregnant judgment on both generations.

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The form of this world, as Mr. Taylor delineates it, is determined by the mutual reënforcements and checkings of the institutions which together are civilization—science, art, religion, and the like. Each of these is a manifestation and fulfilment of what Mr. Taylor calls human faculty, a function or activity of the mind. To each, in so far as it is constituted of materials other than the mind, value accrues in the degree that it facilitates the realization of faculty. Happiness is such realization of faculty, according to kind. In the end, Mr. Taylor suggests in a footnote, value is vanity, the upkeep of self-esteem; but he follows this distinctly modernist lead no further than the footnote: his thought prefers the secure high road of tradition, vindicating the conventional harmonies and compenetrations of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

The True supplies verity or validity for man. It is something beyond efficacy or use. Those terms qualify what animals and primitives hold for true, but they do not qualify what is the True in the mind of a Taylored philosopher. There the True is "a realization with me of that which corresponds with fact, that is, with such reality as I may apprehend." But it must also be congruous with the personality as a living whole, and so "like value, validity must make part of the whole self."

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With these concepts as his yardsticks, Mr. Taylor then reviews history, science, philosophy, religion, art, and the active life, combining hints and suggestions of personal experience with swift smooth summaries of the conventional essentials in the record of these diverse "realizations of faculty." In the summaries I find nothing to stir me either for manner or matter. They are repetitions of the tradition, retrospects, and reviews so compact that they can hardly make an intelligible communication to one who does not share Mr. Taylor's intellectual past.

The biographical data I find intriguing, particularly in the chapter on religion. There we learn that Mr. Taylor prays to a God that his scheme of life calls for, but of whose existence and nature he isn't sure. We learn how his studies, and the love of a reverent woman, turned him in middle life to Christianity, how he is now again turned away from that faith, though he still regards it highly, but not from God. We can do, he declares passionately, without everything else, but we cannot do without "the support of God . . . God's love taken, life is cut off at the source."

The problem of evil with "all this," and with all his knowledge of history leaves an author untouched.

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"What is called evil," he argues in a footnote, is a function of the fact that life is "bound up in individuality." Yet one might still hold "that the world we live and move in is the best possible world." "Life has been good to me," if I die or lose my faculties tonight. But for some years thoughtfully, philosophically, above all scientifically, the categories of "good and evil" have had slight interest for me. To my mind they do not bear analysis. Ethics is a stupid science. Let us be biologists in a whole sense. Life in its progress walks over good and evil without seeing them. *Vae Victis*, if you will! Yet subtle, and passing human insight, are the ways of defeat and victory. "If the red slayer think he slays," who knows which is the slain? The brutalities of life are often vain. All one need to know of good and evil is that no evil can come to wise man, and "that to them who love God all things work together for good. . . ."

Dr. Pangloss, in modern dress, say you? No. For Dr. Pangloss was constantly contradicting his own experience. So far as the record here goes, Dr. Taylor is affirming his own experience. And it is not an individual experience. It was the lucky heritage of ease and security to a generation which, intellectually, at least, has consumed them. Our day may congratulate if not reverence it. Its younger spokesmen may envy it as a "Golden Day"; its maturer prophets may stain that gold into a "mauve decade"; for both it holds an inevitable lure. To be certain that a good time was had by all, and to declare it. . . .

Rehabilitating a President

ANDREW JOHNSON, PLEBEIAN AND PATRIOT. By ROBERT W. WINSTON. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

JUDGE WINSTON undertook no light task when he essayed to rehabilitate the memory of Andrew Johnson. Most historians and political scientists who have looked into the matter have ıg since realized the essential soundness of the ıstitutional views for which Johnson contended oughout his great fight with the Republican reconstructionists, and every thoughtful lawyer perceives how deep a rent was made in the Constitution by the steam-roller tactics of Thaddeus Stevens and his followers. There is no darker page in American history than the one which records the doings of a Republican Congress which for years recognized in the conquered South few rights that the victors were bound to respect. Yet Johnson, who met the full force of the Republican onslaught, was himself far from blameless. If the temper of his political opponents was vindictive and their manner exasperating, his own temper was coarse and his manner at times notoriously offensive, at the same time that the South whose constitutional rights he struggled to maintain continued to be rebellious at heart long after its ability to resist had disappeared. Somewhere between these extremes the line is to be drawn, and the biographer who addresses himself to the problem has need of other qualities than knowledge, or personal sympathy for his subject, or a laudable desire to honor the memory of the dead.

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For the period prior to 1865, when Johnson became President, Judge Winston's biography leaves little to be wished for and offers much that is to be praised. The rise of Andrew Johnson from obscurity to national prominence is a story such as only a new country is likely to produce. It is matter of schoolbook knowledge that he was born a poor white, that he had reached manhood before he acquired even the rudiments of an education, and that he was a tailor by trade. Yet in 1835, when he was twenty-seven years old, he had attained sufficient standing in Tennessee, where he had settled after running away from an apprenticeship in North Carolina, to be made a member of the legislature and to be looked upon as a kind of successor to Andrew Jackson. In 1843 he began a service of ten years in Congress. Oratory of the spellbinder type came naturally to him, and his speeches in Congress, although "pedantic, personal, and often sophomoric," and disfigured by "a want of the usual niceties and proprieties of debate," were carefully prepared, sensible, and appealing. He was clearly a man to be reckoned with, this whilom tailor with a fine voice and a vocabulary too limited for his thought.

Recalled from the House of Representatives in 1853 to become governor of Tennessee, Johnson was back in Congress as senator in 1857, and before long was immersed in the struggle over slavery and secession. Two points in his position affected markedly his later career. He owned a few slaves, but his social status cut him off from sympathy with the planter aristocracy which dominated the politics of the old South, and accentuated, if it did not engender, a deep hostility to the social and political pretensions of Southern leaders. On the question of union or disunion he was a unionist, but while he denied the right of a State to secede and regarded slavery as a bar to Southern progress, his constitutional ideas were far nearer akin to those of the school which saw in the Union a confederation of States than they were to those of political leaders who welcomed every advance toward a centralized national government.

Instead, accordingly, of "going with his State" when the secession movement got under way, he sided with the Union, fought hard to prevent the secession of Tennessee, accepted at the risk of his life an appointment from Lincoln as military governor and brigadier general, "met words with words, blows with blows" in the bitter struggle to bring Tennessee back into the Union, cemented a close personal friendship with Lincoln notwithstanding their partisan differences years before, and in 1864, through Lincoln's urgency, was nominated for Vice-President on the Republican ticket which the North supported at the polls.

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If at this point his strenuous career had reached its height, and a tragic fate had not elevated him suddenly to a presidency for which he was temperamentally unfit, the record of his life would have been a different story. Such as it was from 1865 to 1869, however, it merits a different telling from that which Judge Winston accords to it. The two distinctive aspects of Johnson's presidency are his constitutional fight with Congress over reconstruction, and the extraordinary revelations of his baser side in character and manner. Of neither of these can Judge Winston be said to have given an adequate account. Instead of seizing the opportunity which his book offers of giving a broad and illuminating exposition of the fundamental differences which separated Johnson from Congress, he has preferred to amplify certain political and administrative aspects of the situation, with the result that Johnson, in the most momentous period of his public life, is not clearly enough presented as the powerful defender of the Constitution that he was. The forcible arguments of his vetoes and proclamations make those documents among the greatest of American state papers, and what was said, especially by one whose memory in general is thought to need rehabilitation, is worthy of fuller summary and quotation than Judge Winston finds place for.

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Sympathy, too, rather than historical justice, must perhaps explain the lightness with which Judge Winston passes over the never-to-be-forgotten scene at Johnson's inauguration as Vice-President, when the man of Lincoln's choice stood hopelessly drunk before the Senate and made a speech which was hardly better than a maudlin harangue; and the still more obvious glossing over of the amazing language in which Johnson, in his "swingin' round the circle" speeches, assailed Congress and its Republican leaders. The soundest of constitutional arguments might well have passed unheeded by a Senate which remembered how a Vice-President had appeared before it reeling drunk, and by a public which had heard an angry President on the stump compare himself to Judas Iscariot and liken Thaddeus Stevens, Wendell Phillips, and Charles Sumner to Jesus Christ.

Yet, in spite of these shortcomings, it is a notable piece of biography that Judge Winston has given us. Its faults are the faults of special pleading, but its research has been thorough, its judgments are just, as well as generous, and it recovers human qualities of sincerity, courage, devotion, and simple kindliness that have been too long forgotten. It would be too much to expect that any writer, however friendly, should be able to change all the black to white, for the record has been made and it must stand, but even the stormiest life may be explained and its brighter lights set off against its shadows. This much, at least, Judge Winston has successfully done.

Liberty—and Hot Dogs

(*Continued from page 997*)

feel it incumbent upon us at the same time to produce a rather wry smile. We are becoming nationally self-conscious.

Of course we are intermittently criminal and blundering. But what nation, we may rhetorically ask, has its own conscience clear? We have also had our dreams, as do all nations. If to-day they seem sometimes to turn into nightmares, this points at least to an increase in our national sensitivity. Before we (the generic we) took the boat from the Battery, we had visited the Aquarium, the old Castle Garden where Jenny Lind once sang. We had gazed at a great many fishes, predatory and otherwise. Some, indeed, are marvelously beautiful,—pulsing scarlet and orange, trailing draperies of filmy blue. Our civic life can boast its own great cruel-headed green and spotted morays. Dulness and stupidity loom among us, personified by that earth-colored and lethargic bulk, the cumbrous grouper at the bottom of the tank. And the deeper you go into the actual ocean, to judge by a picture we gazed upon near the doors of the Aquarium, the more frightfully odd do the denizens of the deep become. So, if one seeks in the city, or throughout the nation, the deeper depths, one will discover a good many horrible things. But the fact remains that creatures (are they dreams?) of an exquisite iridescence,—gorgeous and fantastic apparitions,—enliven the goggling, gaping circumambulance of the surface swarms. We cannot in retrospect regard the entirely average holiday crowd that voyaged to and from Bedloe's Island with us as an altogether dull and besotted crew, even though they constituted the lesser bourgeoisie. If to visit the symbol of liberty meant nothing more to them than a good way to spend a sunny June afternoon in idle curiosity, flirtation, and the consumption of hot dogs, why should we rail? Even under Mr. Shaw's social system, would it be far otherwise? The folk have always taken their pleasures in a good-natured daze.

No, the best thing we have discovered about the statue of Liberty is that nigh to her massive sandals (to borrow an epithet from a poet) you can buy frankfurters with mustard. Munching such plebeian fodder, you can stare ruminatively out to sea, and hope (if you care to) that the filthily rich will slip up on numerous banana peels. Meanwhile, you are getting a lot of sunshine and fresh air for thirty cents. Which is the nearest approach to true liberty that we have ever discovered on sea-islanded Manhattan.

The Editorials in the REVIEW, *beginning with this number, will be written by Mr. Benét until the end of the first week in August, with the exception of "The End of the Forsytes," by Mr. Canby. Through August and the first two Saturdays in September they will be written by Miss Loveman.*

The Memorial Embossing Fund of the American Foundation for the Blind gives an opportunity to organizations and individuals to present a book in Braille for the use of the blind readers of the entire country, either as a direct gift or a desire to perpetuate the memory of someone. The supply of literature in raised print is, at best, lamentably inadequate. The sightless are more dependent than others upon books to fill the vacancy and loneliness of idle hours. The blind could be served in no better way than by being presented with a Braille book which would bring much joy and happiness to them. The initial cost of a Braille book would include the making of the plates and the printing and binding of fourteen copies, to be distributed among libraries with one copy for the Donor.

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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Published weekly, by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President; Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President; Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid; in the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879. Vol. IV. IV. No. 49.

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Trader Horn in Viking-Land

HAROLD THE WEBBED, or THE YOUNG VIKINGS. Being volume two of the Life and Works of Trader Horn. Edited by ETHELREDA LEWIS. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1928. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IN his first book Trader Horn appeared in the rôle of romantic autobiographer. He seasoned his reminiscences of Africa in the "earlies" with a dash of fiction. In this second volume he is a romancer who now and then diverges into autobiography. He seasons his fiction with a dash of reminiscence. This change of emphasis is decidedly a change for the worse. What was weak, thin, and unconvincing in the first Trader Horn book was precisely the Rider Haggard element, the story of the beautiful white maiden who became an African queen. Fortunately for that book, it was a slender element, and obtruded itself only at the end. The lions, the elephants, the tribal medicine men, the Congo traders, the missionaries, Livingston, Cecil Rhodes, the Boers, and all the rest of his authentic memories made up five-sixths of the volume. But now Trader Horn has taken it into his head that a tale woven about "Bold Rodger the Vyking with his fleet of forty sail rovers" would please the American public, and has given us a book that is a sort of hodgepodge of Rider Haggard's "Eric Brighteyes" and the Norse sagas and schoolday fragments of Cæsar's invasion of Britain; its chapters all garnished and filled out, fortunately, with Mrs. Lewis's interviews with the inimitable old pioneer.

"Harold the Webbed" is sometimes unconsciously amusing, sometimes impressive in its revelation of the streak of poetry in Trader Horn, and sometimes, alas, heavily boring. Its very basis is a strange anachronism. It shows us a conflict between Cæsar, or "Saesar," and a Viking overlord of the sort who raided the English coast some seven or eight hundred years after Cæsar's day. In the end the Viking triumphantly holds up the Roman fleet for a rich tribute. When we add that Bill O'Gaunt, of the very same family, apparently, as John of Gaunt, plays a valorous part in the narrative, it will be seen that when history gets in Trader Horn's way, history suffers. Chief Fingall comes in with some wild Irish henchmen; we have glimpses of the Saxons, now peopling the English shores; and to add color to the background, there are some Phœnician traders with black Nubian slaves. The author, it seems, had a canny eye, in composing his romance, for its cinema possibilities. At one point his Norsemen "passed a cliffe upon which were long-haired and bearded men who were ranged around a large stone on the top of which there was a fire burning with bright flames and the fair lady seeing this called to her husband and sons and all bowed their heads as an old man who in the fire circle held his hands aloft and in his right hand held a knife reddened on the blade. These holy men were holding sacrifice and the old man with his hands held high was steering a spirit back into its god." It is the Druids! In the very next chapter Cæsar is seen, theatrically posed on the large poop of his "mighty ship," as he "held up a parchment and pointed towards the British coast." He passes unscathed through a storm of arrows, and when the Vikings cheer him, Cæsar, "being a gentleman warrior and sport," bows in acknowledgment. It is regrettable that Trader Horn broke off his narrative before he had time to bring in St. Augustine, and to show William the Conqueror shaking hands with Cæsar and Hengist.

What gives body and value to the book is really Trader Horn's conversations with his editor. Mrs. Lewis reports his observations upon a hundred topics, great and small, and they always have a double interest in their own salt tang and in their revelation of a robust individuality. Now it is the "demimonde" of Trader Horn's lodging house in Johannesburg, where he brushes elbows with drunkards, swindlers, wastrels, and prostitutes, and where, as he says after his money begins to pour in, "there's great status in having my own stove in my room; hospitality gives a man self-respect." Now it is his old days in New Orleans that he recalls; "pretty place, New Orleans; the old French market provides the best cup of coffee in the world." Again and again he returns to his boyhood years in Lancashire. He would have us know that his family was good and hunted with the gentry. "One run we had when I was with me Uncle Ralph one time. That was a proper chief of his clan, that fox. Enjoyed the game like a man. Got away all right, too; towards Lancaster!" He knew Phil May in London, dissipated, idle, but a genius. "Very friendly with the coster girls." Again and again he wanders back to some such figure as his Greatuncle Horn. Over ninety and needn't a' died then if he hadn't asked to ride on a hay load.

> Always had a longing for the smell of hay. But one day when they were leading and they got to the last cock, he begged to be put atop o' the hay wagon. Perhaps he had a natural suspicion that the next haymaking would proceed without him. So they lifted him up and Greatuncle Horn sank into the nice nest they'd made top o' the load. They heard him laugh to himself. 'Twas the last they heard of old man Horn's voice. Going over a bad bit o' the field, the wagon rocked, and the old man fell off. Broke his back. When you're blind the sense of balance suffers.

Garrulous, inaccurate, wandering, but a lover of life and an observer whose experience has given him many a sage bit of wisdom, Trader Horn is almost constantly amusing so long as he is Trader Horn. When he essays literature—when he rewrites Rider Haggard in his own illiterate way—he is rather tiresome. Mrs. Lewis promises us a third volume. Let us hope that it will deal with Trader Horn's own experience and not his imaginings. He has seen an immense deal of the world. Never three or four years in one place, he has wandered over Africa from the Congo and Abyssinia to the Cape; he has helped make moonshine in Kentucky; he has ridden the freight trains of our South and West; he has loafed on the Savannah waterfront and gathered phosphates in Florida; and he has known the brighter side of Lancashire and the darker side of London. If Mrs. Lewis can keep him on these subjects, and away from the realms of third-hand romance, the third volume will be far better worth reading than the second.

Bitter Bondage

WE ARE INCREDIBLE. By MARGERY LATIMER. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MARGERY LATIMER has written a tale of bitter bondage. That the bondage is spiritual and emotional rather than physical, and that it is entered into voluntarily, only increases its potency for disintegration. Young limbs, however willing, tightly bound will atrophy. "We Are Incredible" is a line drawing of an influence, with three panels necessary to the presentation of the complete idea. These three panels represent: a woman in middle life passionately dedicated to a sterile ideal, a young man resentful of the impotence thrust upon him by this ideal, but vitiated through it beyond escape, and a very young girl only half-drugged with this opiate negation of the flesh, flinging almost free at moments and then inevitably drawn back. There are other figures in the book, shadowy young people broken upon the wheel of an externally imposed asceticism. The men and women of "We Are Incredible" live in the chilling shadow of an inverted ego, captives all.

Miss Latimer, in showing equally with the effects the source of an influence, has given herself a double-edged problem which she keeps shining before the reader throughout the book. The warping effects of an alien criterion for action have often been the concern of fiction, but the criterion has been enforced upon the individual by a society or a period; here it is narrowed down to the impinging of personality on personality. Hester Linden convinces herself and convinces her satellites that their allegiance is to be to truth and to beauty; but in reality it is to her conception of truth and beauty under careful supervision. She never succeeds in implanting in her followers a true desire for the things she desires, only a desire to please her. To be like Hester Linden rather than to realize themselves is their goal, and their tragedy. It would be her tragedy also were she more than an insatiable egoist.

The dominating figure of the book, Hester Linden, is presented obliquely. In the first two sections of the novel we approach Hester through the consciousness of Stephen Mitchell and Dora Weck whose abortive and tragic *rapprochment* forms the peg on which the story is hung. As long as she is thus indirectly portrayed her spiritual dominance is convincing and she exercises over the reader something of the compelling mystery felt by Miss Latimer's characters. But in the third section of the book where she is met face to face she loses much of her force and inclines towards the stereotyped. She shows too little fascination, sinister or otherwise, to account for the gathering around her of all the attractive youth in her vicinity. It is essential for the author's position to have Hester Linden the hard, narrow creature she is, but it is equally essential to show something of the appeal that draws her disciples under her spell. The puppets that dance to Hester's piping defeat her in being more real than she is. The psychological implications of the novel might be dwelt on indefinitely, and amateur psychoanalysts should find pleasant controversial pastures here since Miss Latimer has been content to give her story and withhold her theories.

In a book as subjective as "We Are Incredible" there is always danger of the author's going under with her characters. Margery Latimer splendidly avoids this. The novel is as impersonal as an adventure story. Detachment and freedom from sentimentality keep the story in perspective and clear it of the painful autobiographic atmosphere which pervades so many first novels. Miss Latimer has obviously selected and created her material and has not merely pillaged her own past. Besides its intrinsic virtue, this argues well for novels to come. We shall be waiting for them.

The Dawn Man

CARNACK, THE LIFE-BRINGER. By OLIVER MARBLE GALE. New York: Wm. H. Wise & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

THAT society is aware of its present need of reconceiving the Dawn stages of man's history as a possible key to much that we seem to have missed of the latter phases, is witnessed by the number of books appearing on the subject. It is doubtful, however, if "Carnack, The Life-Bringer," will do much to clear off the fog of misapprehension with which that period is shrouded in the popular mind. To the informed observer the illustrations are sufficiently damning. There are two sets of them, the one purporting to be reproductions of rock etchings, pictoliths is the tech- nical term, made after a manner unknown to primitive before or since the Dawn age, and other set of cleverly drawn and brilliantly col compositions of alleged Cave men as smooth as the strigill could leave them, and built like the modern College athlete. But a foreword by A. V. Kidder gives the reader pause. Dr. Kidder is one of those who know American primitives and the rising indignation with which he records reading the first part of the narrative of Carnack is easily shared; likewise the regret that the author did not locate his tale in some place where it could with more likelihood have happened, rather than in a hypothetical valley in Utah, U. S. A.

If it were not that your reviewer is called upon to judge the book as a whole, one might share Dr. Kidder's conviction that otherwise the activities and interests of the Dawn period are fairly represented. But the incredible illustrations, the poorly sustained effort, tediously pursued by the author to give credibility to the pretense of archeological finds, that were in any case unnecessary to a work of fiction, and certain recurrent references to Hebrew folk lore in which Adam and Eve appeared to be taken factually, though their relation to the Dawn man is never explained, suggest that the author of "Carnack" still has much to learn of the Dawn age, which by the way is usually placed much further back than twenty-five thousand years ago. Another device employed by Mr. Gale, although it is one which has often been allowed in dealing with remote pasts, never seems to your reviewer justified. Carnack, the Dawn hero is a prodigy, credited with having invented rock etching, perspective, landscape drawing, and figure composition about on a level with the prevalent comic strip, with having discovered fire, invented the bow, tamed the dog, and arrived at romantic love. And still the author leaves him a comparatively young man. This, I admit, is a conventional device often employed; but would you find it credible applied to a later period;— say that there was a man named Henry Ford living in the Electric age who invented the screw, discovered gunpowder, popularized vaccination, flew through the air, and promulgated the doctrine of birth control? No, it does not seem likely that we have yet been presented with the perfect classic of the Dawn Age!

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The House of Dooner

MEMORY plays an odd trick upon me at this moment when I call upon it for the mortal image of Ed Dooner. Although he was my constant friend and frequent playmate for more than a quarter of a century, and he has been in his grave but three short weeks, all of his physical aspect that comes back clear to me now is the look in his soft blue eyes, "each about to have a tear." Yet I can, at will, summon into the porches of my ear every intonation of his voice, speaking or singing. Perhaps the explanation lies in the changeless, habitual gentleness of this first-born son of a strong and stormy sire; or perhaps it is—and this seems more likely—that my mind's eye holds only those mortal parts of my friend in which his spirit was visible and eloquent.

The Dooners, father and son—sons, I should say, for there are Frank and Will—were publicans; and in their time this country, I think, held no others like them. The house the elder Dooner established, and which the sons inherited and carried on, was an authentic institution. It is gone, these four years now, and yet my every working day brings me a reminder of it. On my way to and from my office, I pass an imposing structure of marble and granite. It is a tomblike edifice; in very truth, a marble mausoleum, for it covers exactly and completely the site where the living House of Dooner long stood.

* * *

This grand new building is as unlike its predecessor as can be. Its front of cold, white stone has no hospitable door at all; and the windows, beginning far above the pavement, are not only iron-barred but also fitted with the added protection of heavy wire mesh. It invites you—not to come in, but to stay out. This, too, in its own way is an honorable institution—the annex of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia — which attends strictly to its own business, the conservation and distribution of worldly wealth. It represents the prosperity of the country, which—they tell us—was never so great as now. To the counters behind those stone walls and strong iron bars come the accumulated gains—honest and otherwise—of our most avid acquisitors.

So, to those who remember, this magnificent mausoleum is no memorial of the house that once stood there. Not that Dooner's was not also a commercial house; it was, and it prospered in its day, a day when it was possible for a God-fearing man to ply the trade of the publican and still be honest and respected. But, because there is a movement afoot to bracket the old-time innkeepers with the modern bootleggers. Volstead's vintners! (with apologies to Fitzgerald's "Omar"—"I often wonder what the vintners buy one-half so specious as the stuff they sell"); and because organized and entrenched hypocrisy seeks to make our children and our children's children believe that their convivial fathers were criminals, there must be another monument to Dooner's, something that bodies forth the true spirit of that banished institution.

How and where can such a monument be erected? In no better way—in no way at all, perhaps—than in the grateful and loving testimony of its bereaved beneficiaries—*hinc illa verba.*

* * *

It was the Grand Centennial Exposition of 1876 that brought Dooner's into being. Peter Samuel Dooner, foreman of the pressroom of the Philadelphia *Times,* conceived the idea—probably on a night when the devil was loose in those dingy depths—that it would be more pleasant and profitable to provide food and other refreshments for the expected multitudes of visitors to the Centennial, than to go on forever feeding rolls of white paper into grimy presses. So he jumped—first his job and then—directly into the benevolent business of the boniface, for which he had had no previous training whatever. But he had something better, a positive genius for the giving of joy; and this was all the better for coming fresh to its trial unhampered by the muscle-binding *clichés* which have been known to afflict and impoverish other arts than his—for let no one suppose that professional hospitality is not an art. If it were not, and if P. S. D. was not a great exponent of it, there would be no excuse for this writing. This is an apotheosis, or it is nothing.

The outward appearance of Dooner's was never anything to brag about. The necessary haste of its construction cannot be advanced as an alibi for this. The edifice was the ordinary product of its time, a time when American architecture was having an epidemic of the Mansard disease, not to mention a combination of other ailments. The house was four-square and solid, but it was not beautiful; homely, perhaps is the happiest word for it. But what matter how the outside looked to those who were privileged to know how the inside felt? What matter, indeed, how the inside *looked?*

* * *

Tradition has it that, save for the elderly housekeeper and her equally elderly chambermaids, no woman ever set foot above the ground floor of Dooner's. But this is not quite correct. Once, many years ago, a transient guest, a lovelorn youth from a distant city, shot himself in one of those upper rooms. Laggard in marksmanship, too, he was not seriously hurt. But they removed him to a neighboring hospital and his mother was notified. She, accompanied by his sweetheart, arrived at the hotel late upon a bitter winter night. It would have been cruel to turn those two women out into the storm, so the good host, pledging the night clerk to secrecy, broke the rule of the house for once, and gave them shelter above-stairs.

Except for this one lapse—an accidental accolade upon the house—Dooner's was always, in Kit Morley's phrase, "as masculine as firemen's suspenders." It was so even before Kit himself knew the meaning of galluses at all, for Dooner's was at its thriving best early in the gay '90's. In those quaint days of the white high hat, and the seersucker sack suit, those who stepped in at the main entrance invariably turned at once to the left where, naturally enough, the warm, throbbing heart of Dooner's functioned normally.

* * *

The Bar? Of course, what else? (The bar sinister, a vinegary wife once called it.) "Wine Room" ran the legend frosted upon the plain glass transom over the door that led into it from the lobby, but no one ever called it anything but the bar. Its nature was dual, for there was a drinking and an eating bar, presided over by artists whose service had begun with the house itself, and one of whom was to be still in harness at the end. Three fourths of this domain was the province of Adrien Folcher, kindly and capable chef, whose neat tables—perhaps a dozen of them—were set along the north wall, down the full length of this narrow room. The administration there was in the hands of well-trained negro waiters—the best of servitors, as why should they not be? these raw humans whose preoccupations seldom stray far from the important elementary business of maintaining life at its button-bursting best. They knew and loved good food themselves, and they served it with reverent gusto.

Indeed, there was a "dim, religious" air about the place—neither pagan nor Christian, but savoring of both; a sort of human-natural religion—particularly on Sunday mornings when foot-loose bachelors foregathered there for a late breakfast. This I know only from hearsay, the testimony of such solid citizens as Hawley McLanahan, who — not then the famous architect and man of affairs, but a lonely country youth—was accustomed to go there for the sausage and buckwheat cakes which, in all the city, were nearest like those at home in the Pennsylvania mountains. And, the coffee! Among the reliques of the house, which are jealously cherished by Frank Dooner, the last proprietor, is this brief note written more than a quarter of a century ago:

> Ah! le bon café que m'a offert Monsieur Dooner!
> Sarah Bernhardt.

When the divine Sarah played at the neighboring Chestnut Street Opera House, she was wont to have this coffee served to her regularly in her dressing room.

One needs no great imagination to picture the Sunday morning peace and comfort of that breakfast-room in Dooner's. The house lacked but one thing to make it the perfect old inn—a fireplace. But all else it had. Even on weekdays, its island position, with little-traveled by-streets on two sides, gave it a certain remoteness in the midst of turmoil. The windows and two wide doorways of the long tavern-room looked across the narrow chasm of Chant Street to the side-wall of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church, whose chimes, calling to Sabbath service, in no wise disturbed the comfortable complacency of the breakfasting bachelors.

But it was at noon-time of weekdays, when the world, the flesh, and the devil were loose again, that this heart of Dooner's pulsed and throbbed with life at the flood. For there and then

> Old wishes, ghosts of broken plans,
> And phantom hopes assemble;
> And that child's heart within the man's
> Begins to move and tremble.

No "plump headwaiter at The Cock" was ever more worthy of celebration in verse than either of the two worthies who presided over their respective departments in that long room,—Chef Folcher, in full canonicals, carving and dispensing his rich roasts and chops, and Joe Purfield among his glasses and tankards behind the polished mahogany. Of Joe, Tennyson himself might have said, as he did of that headwaiter whom he immortalized:

> He looks not like the common breed
> That with the napkin dally.
> I think he came like Ganymede,
> From some delightful valley.

It was the invariable custom of Host Dooner, shortly before the noon hour, to take his stand unobstrusively in the lobby, where, seeming to see nothing, he saw everything. He was no greeter, no glad-hander. Most of those who came in he knew, but he spoke to none, seldom even to his very intimates, unless spoken to—and even then he maintained a certain grave aloofness. The motto—indeed, the secret of the success—of Dooner's was "mind your own business"; and the house was a restful, well-mannered club for those who were likeminded. Occasionally, someone—more often than not a transient—plied too sedulously the moment's business of "the pursuit of happiness," and then. . . . I recall the case of "Buck" (let us say) Lochinvar, a cowboy showman, a whale of a man, but peaceable usually, who, oppressed by the combined heat of his cups and the summer day, braced himself in the lobby doorway, and defied the other businessmen, or any menial, to eject him. But he had left his rear unprotected, and he had forgotten the lion in the lobby. In the time it took to do a hop, skip, and jump, there was a strong hand at his collar and another at the slack of his riding habit, and the big man went back into the room (temporarily) and down the full length of the bar to the swinging doors, through which he was catapulted into the outer sunshine.

* * *

Many years before this—it may, indeed, have been in Dooner's very first season—he had startled the town by driving with whips of scorn from the ladies' dining-room a notorious woman whom he found there placidly enjoying the good fare with one of her many admirers. "Get out!" said Dooner, "and don't come back. We don't want your kind here." It was a daring thing to do, but it was effective; for her "kind," hearing of it, made it a point thereafter to give Dooner's a wide berth. In his early efforts to establish the respectability of his house Dooner sometimes went to extremes. There is the well authenticated story of his summary treatment of the eminently worthy college president whom he had observed tossing a coin at table in the bar. This little play, of course, was merely to determine whether he (the dignified schoolman) or his equally respectable companion should have the privilege of buying the good-night glass. Gambling, Dooner called it, and he would listen to no argument. The schoolman went out in high dudgeon—in fact, he was invited to go—and for two years he stayed away, but then he swallowed his pride and came back. . . .

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by T. A. Daly

There was about Dooner's, even in the infrequent absences of the martinet, an air of proud dignity which invited men of the right kidney and repelled others, the moment they set foot within its doors. There was some chemic property in the ambient atmosphere that made big men greater and utterly dissolved the little. Mind, I am speaking of men and not of the names they wore in the outside world.

Of big names Dooner's had its share. Bishops and sportsmen, generals and poets, statesmen and politicians, admirals and actors, captains of industry and of dreams—all the front-page figures of the newsprints of their day—were familiar there. I might tell you of the admiral who wrested fame from polar privations; the engineer who built the first railroad over the Andes; the generals (Blue and Gray) who there fought over again, though amicably, the battles long ago which had enlaureled them; and of many others, of whom the world knows much—and much, perhaps, that isn't true. But what of it? Not one of them brought to Dooner's any distinction, or anything at all, one-half so precious as they found there and took away. Ah! yes, there were pretenders among the great, but Dooner's sloughed off from them the outer glitter—though some of them never knew it.

* * *

It has been a matter of keen regret to me, for lo! these more than twenty years, that the last words I spoke to Peter Dooner were inept. It was a week or so before his death that, meeting him in the lobby—for ill-health could not drive him from that post—I stopped to wish him the top of the morning and to remark "you're looking very well." He shot a quick, pained glance at me. "You'd have done better to say nothing at all than lie about it," said he, and turned away. This honest, good man, to whom even the current coinage of mild, social dissembling was distasteful, was spared the devastating hypocrisy of these degenerate days. His honorable house was in good order when, in the fall of 1906, the prosperous patriarch passed out of it, leaving his honored name and a decent patrimony to his large family of boys and girls. The youngest son, Albert, now a distinguished organist and choirmaster and a composer of real talent and charm, is the only one of the boys who had no part in the conduct of the House of Dooner. That work, after the founder's death, developed from Ed, the eldest, Frank (who most resembles his father) and Will. Dooner's was a solid institution then. The one thing that was to destroy it was still slumbering in that twisted brain of fanaticism from which, in the midst of war's alarms, it was to spring full-armed. The house prospered and its fame grew, under the new, young masters and the faithful old servants. All the traditions were meticulously maintained. The food continued excellent, and no one ever complained of the liquors, or the serving of them—except by way of exaggerated jest, in the presence of the gray Ganymede and the jovial Frank Dooner, solely to hear Frank say "Oh, Joe'll be all right as soon as he gets used to the ways of the house."

* * *

But what a galaxy of greater planets it was Joe's privilege to "grow gold-dusty among" in his day's work! His memory now has but to "turn a stone and start a wing." It was to him that Dr. John Chalmers DaCosta, America's greatest teacher of surgery, and Dr. Joseph Hearn, one of the surest of diagnosticians, came or sent their patients when they had need of dependable brandy; it was here that—but the list is too long. To be sure, this Ganymede, in praise of whom I grow so garrulous, was only the vicar of Dooner's, but it was upon him that the house mainly depended to keep its springs pure and its virtues inviolate. Peace to him! now that he is an idle emeritus; at least his memories are rich, and untroubled with regrets.

Bear with me if I seem to find it hard—yes, as hard as ever—to tear myself from this old barroom. How attractive it always was to the student of humanity—and of the humanities, too; for the essence of letters and of all the arts was there; and it frequently disclosed itself where it was least expected. Louis Untermeyer will not have forgotten how, many years ago, he and I, having enthroned ourselves upon a pair of those broad, generously upholstered, mushroom stools at Chef Folcher's eating bar, began to bandy "words spoken peradventure after the fourth glass" (an abstemious one for Louis and three for me), and fell at once into violent disagreement as to the origin of a certain citation from Keats; how, from his neighboring throne, Joe Finley—now a captain of industry in New York, but then a mere "second looey" of advertising—offered to bet us the luncheon we were both wrong and that it was from the "Ode to a Nightingale"; and how the three of us, leaving our smoking platters, ran across Tenth Street to the Mercantile Library, where we found that this commercial interloper was right.

It was never safe to wear an intellectual high hat in Dooner's. One was likely to flush a celebrity almost anywhere among the tables or along the brass rail. I have in mind one "Dooner diner" of the closing years, who is listed in the current city directory as "Addison R. Brown, public accountant." Yet, as Kipling said of "Fighting Bob" Evans, this keen-eyed little man, now merely an arithmetical adventurer, has "lived more stories" than author or artist could invent. Take up "Who's Who in America" and turn to the sketch of Major F. R. Burnham's amazing career. Close-packed as that tabloid tale is, it cannot be given here; but it is decidedly worth looking up, if only to stick a pin about midway of it—where it tells of the German East Africa expedition—and to remember that it was Brown, who, as Burnham's lieutenant, assumed the supreme command when his leader was fever-smitten and brought the outfit through to its base, where Burnham was nursed back to life. The full story of that exploit will never be published although Rider Haggard offered much money for the barest skeleton of it. Burnham would neither sell his notes nor use them himself for publication; and so Brown's lips are also sealed.

PETER DOONER

It was a red-letter day for me—a red-hot letter day in the summer of 1917—when I had the joy of leading to this temple of merriment a distinguished neophyte with a Mermaid Tavern moniker which had then only just begun to gather the laurels that now are thick upon it. We sat, in our shirt-sleeves, eating corned-beef and cabbage and drinking pitchers of Shandygaff—of course it was Shandygaff, in honor of the young man's book of that title, then on the eve of publication. Kit Morley has an uncanny faculty for getting quickly at the heart and innards of any new country, and he was acclimated and naturalized at Dooner's immediately. It was he, in turn, who brought the Three-Hours-for-Lunch Club to Dooner's, just half a dozen years later, for what was to be almost the last—as it was one of the most delightful—of the many notable sessions in that rare old inn.

But that lifts us to a higher plane—to the second floor, in fact. For it was in that region unprofaned by feminine foot that all the formal feasts were solemnized. We have no right to be prying into the celibate cells in that cloister. Indeed, the management itself seldom exercised that right; certainly not as to the dens of the regulars—and as their inmates stayed on and on for years, where was the need? "At your convenience, Mr. J—" said Frank Dooner one day to one of these oldest inhabitants, "I'd like to repaper and paint your room, and put down a new carpet." "If you do, I'll leave the house." It wasn't done. But whenever it could do so without interfering with the business of others, the management of Dooner's always punctiliously minded its own. The transient rooms were scrupulously well kept; not at all stylish, but comfortable and livable, in an old-fashioned way. The roomy lounge at the head of the second landing was an oasis of dignified ease, plenteously dotted with great leather chairs and sofas, half-hour havens of rest for tired business men after luncheon. This served, also, as assembly room, or anti-chamber of the main banquet hall adjoining. Ah! those were the walls that saw, and reverberated with, the grand doings o'nights when oratory boomed and wheedled, and laughter ran above the glasses and the sweetest songs were sung.

In this long room history was made, but, most of all, merriment and music. The history need not concern us now; it was accidental and extraneous and, after all, it was less important in Dooner's than the other two products. It was here, too, that Literature came into its own, on that memorable night many years ago when the winning of a poetry prize by one of the Doonerites was seized upon as an excuse for a great gathering of the clans at dinner. The scholarly Dr. Austin O'Malley—who is, as his brother Frank Ward will tell you, the greatest of all of the O'Malleys—was permitted to deliver himself of a marvelous oration upon the glorie the ancient bardic sept of the O'Dalys. He listened to with respect. But then it was ord that no speaker to follow should be permitted to say anything in any wise complimentary to the guest of honor, although one might go the limit in the other direction. George Donnelly, rather overstepping this privilege, was interrupted by Jim O'Sullivan "'Tis not for the likes of you, George Donnelly, to be talking that way about our honored guest." "What? Why I've known our honored guest" retorted Donnelly (with a knee-high gesture), "since he was that high." "Tut! Tut! man; sure our honored guest never was that small." It was a major night for minor poetry!

* * *

It was about that time, as I remember, that the Kelly Street Business Men's Association was christened, if it was not actually born, in that same room; and there it pursued most of its activities. Those activities were peculiar. The organization was conceived of raillery and born of music; and hilarious goodfellowship was its wet nurse. There were, of course, no commercial houses on Kelly Street—the squat alley-way which afforded Dooner's its southern exposure—but the precious pirates who paraded under its banner did much business profitable to themselves. Their single-hearted aim, expressed in the slogan "For Ourselves, Alone," was not unlike that of other business men's associations. Their modus operandi was devious and yet simple. A victim would be selected—prosperous first of all, but possessing other qualities of eligibility—who would be informed of Kelly Street's desire to have him as honor guest at a great dinner, in recognition of his surpassing worth to a community too long neglectful. When the great man had thus been wangled into the proper receptive mood, the news would be gently broken to him that Kelly Street's one iron rule was that the honor guest should pay the score at the inn. But none of the many victims ever complained of the cost. They all got their money's worth.

Kelly Street's dinners were of music and merriment all compact. The Kelly Street choir, though it now has no permanent home, is still one of the city's truly fine choral societies. Ed. Dooner had much to do with the making of it. It was he

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who attracted to the house the cream of his associates in the old Maennerchor Singing Society (with Director Al Hartmann at their head) and his own sweet sympathetic tenor voice was one of the choir's richest assets. Frank Dooner, too, was an excellent second bass, and some of the best male voices in the city were of that splendid company. But I declare—and the judgment is not tempered by sentimental bias growing out of a late bereavement—that no other songs ever so touched the deeps at Dooner's as Ed's "Mary," and "Kilkenny"; and I shall never again hear "Oft in the Stilly Night" without tender memories and tears for the untimely passing of him, who sang it so sweetly. Victor Herbert, who was honorary musical director of the K. S. B. M. A., and who composed especially for the choir its most spirited and sonorous number—"The Hail of the Friendly Sons"—never failed, other things permitting, to run over from New York when Kelly Street was in eruption.

It was an impish prank that fate played upon Frank Dooner, to give him the sole ownership of a going business that was, besides, an honorable institution—and then to kill the gift. He made a brave stand in those five hard years of his holding, but it was a losing fight. Other hotels have weathered the sirocco that set in in 1919 and still desolates the land, but the fact that Dooner's succumbed is sufficient indication that Dooner's was different, that it was something more than a mere hotel. Its venerable decencies and human frailties withered in the hot, dry air of virulent virtue; and so, the house whose motto was "Mind your own Business" went down before the will of those who never are content to mind theirs.

Among the chief mourners at the passing of Dooner's was an organization which had reached and passed its own centenary some years before this kindly inn came into existence. The Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia was organized in 1771. Originally, of course, it was purely Irish, but very early in its history the membership bars were let down for General George Washington, General Muhlenberg, and other great worthies who were not of Irish blood, and now various racial strains are represented on the roster. Dooner's Hotel from the moment its doors were first opened was home to the Friendly Sons. It was blood-kin to that earlier city tavern where, in 1782, the Society had sat at dinner and clinked glasses with its newly adopted member, "His Excellency now a lesser bard, one of our own Friendly Sons, foregathered until the end. . . .

The Federal Reserve Bank, in Chestnut Street nearby, having taken over the property for an annex, began tearing down the old building early in the summer of 1924. In the minute-book of the Friendly Sons it is recorded that "at the Quarterly Meeting of the Society, held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel on June 17th, 1924, Mr. T. A. Daly offered a fitting resolution," which thus concluded:

"At this moment, the wreckers have reached the second floor, where for so many years our quarterly dinners were held. In a few days there will not be one stone left upon another. If ever in this age and country there was a counterpart of the Mermaid Tavern of Elizabethan times, this was it. Great poets have sung of the Mermaid; and now a lesser bard, one of our own Friendly Sons, craves your indulgence while he spins his rough rhymes on

THE PASSING OF DOONER'S

Friendly Sons, the wrecker's pick
Tears your temple brick by brick;
And tonight June's moonlight falls
Cold upon its roofless walls . . .
Yet this shall not wholly die;
While Love lights an inward eye,
All the joys that there you had
Still shall make your memories glad.

Many taverns there have been;
Few to match this friendly inn.
Here was no mere brick and plaster;
Dooner's elements were vaster.
Not of earth alone were they;
Of what else, then? Who shall say?
No one surely, were so droll
As to give a house a soul—
Yet, so deeply to endear it,
Dooner's sure had something near it,
And its onetime guests inherit
Largess of that kindly spirit.
Come, then! Why should any doubt it?
Knowing what we know about it,
Let us bravely shout the truth;
Dooner's had a soul—of youth,
Of comradeship, of manly mirth
(One virtue that has passed from earth
Or reckoned now of little worth,
For the founder reared this inn
Ere Temperance became a sin)
Soul of music, soul of cheer
Soul of honor—all were here.
All these Peter Dooner blent
In this House of Merriment
And his sons who followed after
Kept his code of Law and Laughter.

Choicest things must pass away;
Peter's dead this many a day,
And his halls that lured our feet
Now are dust in Kelly Street.
Yet in old Time's dusty dark
There is still an elfin spark
And a breath of music—hark!
"Oft in the stilly night"
There shall rise a rosy light
Showing us the kindly ghost
Of that earliest Mine Host,
Even as of old we found him
With his kinsprits gathered 'round him.
Friendly Sons, the wrecker's pick
Tears your temple, brick by brick
And tonight June's moonlight falls
Cold upon its roofless walls . . .
Yet this shall not wholly die;
While Love lights an inward eye,
All the joys that there you had
Still shall make your memories glad."

Thomas Augustine Daly, editor, writer, lecturer, poet, and humorist, is perhaps best known to the general public through his "McAroni Ballads" and "Canzoni," verses at once humorous and touching in Italo-American dialect. He is a writer who has both grace and feeling, as well as a trenchant commentator on affairs. Mr. Daly has been since 1918 *Associate Editor of the Philadelphia* Record. *Among his books are, in addition to the two named above, "Carmina," "Little Polly's Pomes," "Songs of Wedlock," "The Wissahickon," and "Herself and the Houseful."*

Mental Autobiography

BROWNING'S PARLEYINGS: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MIND. By WILLIAM CLYDE DEVANE. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1927. $4.

Reviewed by EMERY NEFF
Yale University

ONLY enthusiastic Browningites read the "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day." The "people of importance" have become even more obscure than they were in 1887; the verse is perhaps the most unintelligible Browning ever penned, at its best "mere gray argument," with only slight touches of the psychological subtlety and the lyricism of his best writing. Critics hitherto have attached slight value to the volume. It is true, Mrs. Orr's "Handbook," which Browning corrected, states that the conversations were with "men whose works connect themselves with the intellectual sympathies and emotional pleasures of his very earliest youth," and were used to present "the accumulated convictions of a lifetime." But it has remained for Mr. DeVane to develop this hint into a demonstration of the prime importance of the "Parleyings" as an intellectual autobiography published by Browning two years before his death.

The aged poet summons out of his past a philosopher, an historian, a poet, a politician, a priest, a painter, and a musician to be mouthpieces of his own opinion in regard to their several arts, and frequently to combat the views of his contemporaries. Mr. DeVane has compared Browning's conception of these "people of importance" with our present estimate; has searched for their influence throughout his works; and has investigated the relation of his matured opinions to the nineteenth-century men and movements upon which they impinge. His method has thus been similar to Mr. Lowes's in "The Road to Xanadu," but applied to a greater variety of subject-matter. He has interpreted an enormous amount of reading with excellent historical insight, and has presented his conclusions clearly and attractively. Perhaps he has indulged in more repetition than was necessary for his audience, but that is only an excess of his virtue of clarity.

Mr. DeVane's study discloses the poverty and insecurity of the foundations upon which was reared the amazingly elaborate and ingenious superstructure of Browning's thought. The poet seems to have chosen his intellectual food capriciously, often taken the short-cut of prefaces, introductions, and doubtful secondary works, and made snap judgments that were sometimes ludicrous misinterpretations, as in the case of the paradoxical Mandeville. The parleyings with Smart and Doddington show his ignorance or deliberate misrepresentation of literary and political conditions in eighteenth-century England. Unlike that of John Stuart Mill, Browning's autobiography reveals little development or progression of thought. His intellectual advance after his early twenties was negligible. In 1835 he was ahead of his age in grasping the general principle of evolution, but he later failed to comprehend Darwin's theories. In other respects his opinions remained the commonplaces of his generation: Evangelical Protestantism; the art-philosophy of the Romanticists; complacent belief in progress; political Liberalism which could see nothing but the charlatan in Disraeli. A debate on the problem of evil demonstrates the childishness of his optimism when confronted by the formidable Carlyle, who did not blink at facts. Fear of uncongenial fact drove Browning further than Tennyson in repudiation of the intellect; even to the ultimate refuge of solipsism. Compared with the better thinkers of the time, Mill, Carlyle, Arnold, he cuts a poor figure.

This investigation into Browning's mental history has also yielded important by-products. It has found new sources for his poems on painting, and established the influence of Christopher Smart upon the poetry in praise of God's creation culminating in "Saul." It identifies the contemporary adversaries of Browning's views, making the especially interesting discovery that the violence of his diatribe against the opponents of the nude in art arose from its being a defence of his son's paintings.

* * *

But why this insidious desire, it may be asked, to display a great man in undress? Why such pains to establish the platitude that it is unwise to look to poets for intellectual guidance? Mr. DeVane's justification lies in the fact that Browning wished to be taken as an inspired teacher, and that Browning Societies have often accepted him as such. The "Parleyings" laid down the law to the eighteen-eighties. It cannot be objected that Browning's mental powers had been enfeebled by his seventy-four years; for he displayed in their bare bones precisely the same ideas as lay beneath the flesh and blood of his best work.

Mr. DeVane's attitude is sympathetic as well as judicial; he points out that "the personal qualities of his later years—perverse ingenuity, capriciousness, self-will, crabbed independence, and sometimes bad temper . . . were really the darker sides of his virtues." He has done valuable pioneer work in clearing away, like Mr. Nicolson for Tennyson, the myth of the poet as teacher, in order to shift the emphasis where it belongs; to Browning the artist. Though not the most forward-looking thinker, he was the most forward-looking poet of the Victorian age. Succeeding where Wordsworth had generally failed and where Tennyson rarely and Arnold never ventured, he incorporated the prosaic or ugly objects and incidents of ordinary life and the rhythms of colloquial conversation into poetry that was esthetically satisfying. He was a fecund innovator of structural and stanzaic forms. We shall increasingly realize that Browning is of our own age in esthetic practice, as he is for all time in his lyrical quality and in his creation of character.

Erratum

By a regrettable misunderstanding due to transmission over the telephone of the title of "The Misbehaviorists," referred to in the bibliography appended to Dr. John B. Watson's "Feed Me on Facts" in the issue of *The Saturday Review* of June 16, the name of the author was wrongly spelt and the publisher wrongly quoted. The book is by Harvey Wickham, and is published by the Dial Press.

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The Bowling Green

Off the Deep End, II.

CENTRAL WHARF in Halifax is a pleasant place for idling. I shall always think of it with affection as the scene of one of the best loafing days I ever enjoyed. There was plenty to be done, our little fleet of six boats were an apiary of business, but the thousand minutiæ of rigging those craft for sea was a specialized affair for experts in which I had no hand. To go to the Vendors' Stores and help select the liquor for the voyage was almost the only task I was entrusted.

After previous days of deluge this was a clearing weather, at first hazy, then warm and bright. There is something magical, as many have learned, in Nova Scotia air. It is far enough north to have in it the whiff of evergreen balsam and great untainted woodlands, the birthright of the Canadian nostril. There is the cleanness of salt-washed rocks, the iodine of seaweed, the douce vapor of not far distant fog, and (in Halifax, at least) a delicious almost European fragrance of bitumen, the soft-coal exhalation of breakfast chimneys. And in this diapason of fragrance one sitting at ease on the stringpiece of the wharf could discern small savory grace-notes and minors: the woody tang of new packing-cases burst open, new creaky cordage, spar-varnish, rusty anchors, fish, the strong soupy gush from the galley of the rusty old *Andalusia*, a Swedish tramp just in from Jamaica. With it all was mingled the memory of two other sunny days when I had visited Halifax—once in 1910 when a boy who seems now almost unrecognizable was pleased by flower-boxes in her windows (they seem to have given that up) and once in 1927 when the *Caronia* tarried there for Sunday luncheon and the hotel waitress was shocked by our asking for a bottle of beer. But let me add that though beer is not available (except as Ships' Stores) there is a sparkling Nova Scotia cider that is as good as champagne.

So one loitered and watched our little tribe of argonauts make ready for sea. There were six in the flotilla: three 12's (*Iris*, *Tycoon*, *Isolde*), two 8's (*Whippet* and *Margaret F. IV*) and one very tiny cockleshell, the *Robin*. *Robin's* curator was a Russian skipper, a charming fellow who had enchanted me on the voyage up by tales of his hardships in the Revolution. He looked a little solemn as he went about the job of fledging his small bird for voyage; and indeed I think no troubles of his homeland can have been more dangerous for him than setting out in that graceful toy. But man is always at his most winning when preparing for argument with Poseidon, who accepts no excuses. A convention of clergymen assembled in synod or eucharistic congress could not have been graver in legislating the inscrutable than our yachtsmen as they tallied rigging and stores. Not quite believing, the observer watched the tall masts of the 12's hoisted by the derrick, lowered into place. This was a day when all ligatures were cut. Nothing to do but fill one's pipe and light it, to study pensively all these oddments of gear and to think that on this or that much might depend. Friendly Mr. Warren, the Halifax shipping agent, whose approval puts the whole town at your service, took the idler members of *Iris's* crew to lunch at a peaceful old clubhouse. Here Y. G. was first introduced to British condiments, such as pickled walnuts, which brought tears to his eyes.

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The angled bastions of the Citadel make a good polygon for afternoon stroll. The fortress seemed almost deserted, as fortresses ought to be on fine days. We peered into the deep moat, considered that its cool strong cellars would make admirable vaultage for wine, and were pleased by the sparrows that nest in niches of the masonry. It is worth while to build great strongholds if in after years they afford good lodging for sparrows, green slopes for rolling children, starry ceiling for summer love. Certainly that broad hill is excellent for flying kites. And far below in the harbor the masts of the three 12's reminded us that all this was mere interlude. At this very moment the adjuster was calculating *Iris's* compass deviation. It was a good time for considering one's own deviations. Sunny air was round us like crystal. An afternoon of pure nothingness, cast off from familiar duty, new routine not yet begun. Surely there should have been some valued thought to deduce from this. Some analogy that the whole of life itself will some day have to be so regarded, as the mere flutter of a sparrow's wing in and out of a hole in the wall? Y. G. and I felt about in our minds for an idea and found only a large torpor. We abandoned philosophy and went to buy fleece underwear and rubber boots. That was better than philosophy, it was wisdom.

The quiet Halifax Hotel seemed specially solid and gratifying that evening. With a secretly testamentary tenderness we wrote some post-cards; we laid out and reckoned our provision of lumbermen's socks, woollen mitts and sweaters and oilskins. It amuses me to recall that we grumbled a little because the bedroom was warm, for Halifax keeps its steam going well into June. PR, who has a taste for bedtime gossip, kept me awake by telling me news about these racing sloops that he had not mentioned before. Of these 80-foot masts he remarked that they were hollow, built in longitudinal sections and glued together. Glued together! a merry thought in a moist climate, I reflected. I fell asleep hoping that the German industry in adhesives was an honest one.

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Tycoon had the outside berth, so we couldn't cast off until she did. *Iris* was ready; we had borrowed *Tycoon's* nail-clipper and all hands had trimmed their fingers, always the amateur's final gesture to civilization; not mere delicacy I assure you, but preparation for dealings with tough canvas. But still we must linger (to tell you the truth) because *Tycoon's* case of beer was late. So we lost those early airs from NW. It was towards noon before we got off. The weather was a warm hazy calm. We had to beg a tow from the tug *Togo*, to start us down the harbor. "Light Sly air" was the first entry in the log. "Sly" meant Southerly, but it might also have meant what it said. There was gentle insinuation in that weather and in the low barometer. Through milk-white banks of fog the *Togo* hauled us rapidly. She cast us off north of Neverfail Shoal. Our canvas was up. Now we were alone, the two of us, and could look at each other. Pearly haze thinned and thickened about us. We could see *Tycoon's* blue hull, with white waterline stripe and green underbody, leaping like a mackerel in the long swell. The high spires of canvas leaned amazingly upward; when the mist thickened we could not see the top. Running side by side we took stock of ourselves, tightened shrouds, compared chronometers. *Tycoon*, a tilting phantom of beauty, crumbled swiftly over the gray slopes. By her we could judge our own profile. Breeze came fresh from SW. *Iris* set a course for Halifax Light Vessel, a dozen miles out. *Tycoon* turned westerly along the coast. They did not see each other again until Long Island Sound.

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So with magical swiftness we were on our own. A tug, in a hurry to get back to another appointment, had rushed us down the harbor and cast us off—it seemed a little heartless—into a blanket of fog. Land was almost instantly out of sight, and our consort also. A long belly-wabbling sea came rolling under our bronze bottom. The chime of the Neverfail bellbuoy sounded like a summons to lunch, and from the cockpit one kept an eye on the swingtable in the main cabin. I had watched the stores going aboard. There, I said to myself, a large and frolic meal will be set out, such as yachtsmen enjoy. This was not like old days in the ketch *Narcissus* where I myself had to do the cooking. There was a steward, seasoned by years at sea, to ration us. I thought (though a little dubiously) of the lobsters I had seen going aboard. But the corner of the table, visible from the cockpit, remained bare. No one said anything about food. I was much on my good behavior. This was my first experience of real yachting. But, in the odd way one divines things, I felt that to say anything about food would (somehow) be amiss. I kept to looard of the Commodore, for I was taught young that one does not go to windward of the skipper. But his pipe (which, waking, he is never seen without) was very strong. Until about 2 o'clock I feared that perhaps there was not going to be any lunch. After that time my apprehension was different. I began to fear that perhaps there was. But about half past four (meanwhile nothing having been said) YG appeared with some slices of raisin bread. Then the truth came out. Our steward, the hardened seaman, was ill.—We did not see him for four days.

So, without disaster, the first corner was rounded. The Commodore, of course, nothing can touch; he has the entrails of Gibraltar. But the rest of us, if we had had to face a generous meal, might have been troubled. As it was, only the captain (another lifelong salt) and the steward were ill. But I noticed, in my own secret reckonings with myself, that tobacco seemed to have lost its charm that afternoon.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Fog came down thick, and there was a steamer whistling not far away. She was inward bound round the lightship, we supposed; but the sound of her blast might have come from anywhere in an arc of nearly ninety degrees. A small fisherman's horn, pumped by hand, seems inadequate answer to that deep thuttering groan of a high-pressure steam-pipe. You get a very different sense of proportion when you hear a big ship's foghorn not from her own deck but from a small craft plunging from sea to sea. Suddenly the water seems very wrinkled and gray. Those waves are slate color, even when broken they are not white but granite; they roll you in wet wastes of fog to teach you the blessings of being warm and steady. Put your foot down now, wherever you are, and verify the good sensation of firm solidity beneath you! Such are the thoughts of the first evening, when you put from snug harbor into wind and fog and low barometer. Soon you adapt yourself; after a day or so the tumbling that bothered you becomes the perfection of all rhythms, the joyous composition of all movement. But you are not sentimental the first day out.

The surprised faces of the lightship crew, as we passed close by them, might have suggested some surprise in our own minds. Our rig was evidently uncanny to them, and I was a little grim to remember how I had last seen that vessel, from the warm forward deck of the good old *Caronia* a level August morning. For now we were bundled up in all the half dozen layers of wool and oilskin, and chilly even so—always excepting the Commodo exempt from all human weakness. And my te mony of the rest of that afternoon, as we z zagged (roughly speaking) SW and NW, must if honest, mostly of sleep. Such drowsiness as I have never known came down upon me. I fell loglike into a bunk and lay like one drugged and shanghaied. It was the miracle and quintessence of slumber, for one was dimly self-aware and knew how much one was enjoying it, yet too far gone for any shame or desire. One was as passive as a participle. If the voyage of the *Iris* had granted me even nothing else than that first period of swooning I should be sufficiently grateful. It was an experience. There are some of us who, in civil life, sometimes have difficulty in getting to sleep. I found myself, in this sea-stupor, chuckling at the notion of a sailor ever complaining of insomnia. There was no instant, in the first two days, when I could not have immediately gone Rip Van Winkle by just closing my eyes. Along about dusk that evening, the weather being dubious, the Commodore decided to take down the mainsail and put a trysail on her for the night; a very reasonable precaution with a new and untried vessel on a bad coast. I believe I made some meagre pretence of activity when all hands were called on deck, but whatever I did was done in pure hypnotism. I feel the less embarrassment in this confession because I noted in the long-salted PR signs of the same delicious lethargy. His bright eye, an orb as clear and humorous as a hen's, closed its lid as nesciently as any other's. Not food nor drink nor any lure of life had the faintest appeal. One did not even unbutton an oilskin nor remove a hat. One collapsed where one was. Only the sailor, I conclude, knows how to take sleep seriously.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(*To be continued*)

The following item recently appeared with the appended comment in an English paper:

"Miss Edith and Mr. Osbert Sitwell have much pleasure in announcing a general amnesty. This does not apply to habitual offenders.

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Books of Special Interest

German Policy

THE WORLD POLICY OF GERMANY, 1890-1912. By OTTO HAMMANN. Translated by MAUDE A. HUTTMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1927.

Reviewed by THEODORE LORENZ

FOR a former Prussian official, the author of this book has a singularly unbiassed mind. Hammann was chief of the Press Department of the Foreign Office under the old régime and thus stood at the fountain head of political news and information. The spirit in which he writes is fittingly indicated on the frontispiece by a reproduction of Linley Sambourne's "Out in the Cold," one of the series of famous Bismarck cartoons in *Punch* that was ushered in by Tenniel's "Dropping the Pilot," picturing the self-complacent indifference with which the young Kaiser, in his overweening conceit, dismissed the weather-beaten and storm-tried navigator of the ship of state.

In the light of all documents recently made accessible, there can be no doubt that, when Bismarck was thus forced into retirement, the keystone of the German foreign policy which he had been building up with infinite patience was still missing, and that this was nothing less than an alliance with England. Could they but have known it, the sane men on both sides of the Channel, whose endeavors to promote friendship between the two countries never ceased throughout the Kaiser's reign, might have claimed Bismarck's authority for their own conviction that the future of European civilization could not be better provided for than with the two great and kindred nations marching side by side in its van! To be sure, England was not ready for that in Bismarck's time: she still prided herself on her "splendid isolation." But one's heart seems to miss a beat, as one tries to visualize the happy course which European events might have taken, instead of the carnage and destruction we have witnessed, if Bismarck could still have been in office when, not so many years later, England approached Germany on the same quest, and this time herself in the rôle of the suitor! The story of what his epigones made of England's three successive offers of an alliance is told in some of the most fascinating pages of Hammann's book.

⁂ ⁂

It will always remain one of Germany's greatest misfortunes that, in those fateful years, during which, instead of allies, England and Germany became the protagonists of the two hostile camps of Europe, the German foreign policy was directed by Prince Bülow, who lent a willing ear to the advice tendered by the notorious Herr von Holstein, the oldest councillor in the Foreign Office. Once Bismarck's trusted underling, Holstein had afterwards lost the confidence of the first Chancellor, who emphatically warned the Kaiser in his younger years against this "man with the hyena eyes." It was in vain that William II. passed the warning on to Bülow; and thus, we see this "Éminence grise" moving in the background like an uncanny gray specter and (without ever having to assume any personal responsibility!) thwarting the endeavors of those who wanted to see England and Germany come to terms. We get a sample of Bülow's high-minded statecraft in his comment that it "would be a masterstroke, if we could keep England hoping without binding ourselves," and we see the two political master-minds in unison, when we find them both insisting that it was mere bluff and claptrap on England's part, when she plainly intimated, at the time of her third offer of an alliance, that, if she could not come to terms with Germany, she would approach France and Russia. As late as April, 1903, Holstein gave renewed utterance to his comfortable conviction that the British statesmen would never be able to accomplish this.

Only a few months went by, and the English capital was gaily beflagged in honor of the visit of the French President, which preceded the consummation of the Anglo-French entente by less than a year! The present reviewer witnessed these festivities as one of the hapless German residents in England who were destined to be caught, eleven years later, in the infernal whirlpool of 1914. In those earlier years, he had been, in conjunction with men like Friedrich Paulsen in Germany and Karl Breul in England, adding his humble efforts to the futile endeavors of those who were working for friendship between the two great nations. It was interesting to listen to the comments on the part of members of the German colony in London, who had seen the carriages with the distinguished French visitors roll by. They were all fully alive to the evident fact that England was on the point of definitely joining Germany's potential enemies. But in most cases, this realization was coupled with bitter resentment of "Albion's proverbial perfidy," although quite enough had leaked out, especially in the English press, about England's long-continued efforts towards an alliance with Germany, to show that this attitude was as reasonable as that of a girl who flies into violent tantrums because a man, whom she has refused on three successive occasions, has the impertinence to go and marry some one else!

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Nevertheless, that attitude remained the keynote of Germany's relations with England for years to come, and especially during the stormy times of the Morocco affair. Here again, as Hammann shows, Holstein's sinister influence was mainly responsible for the unenviable rôle which Germany played and for the humiliation which she suffered. His policy was as inept as that of the Kaiser in his puerile endeavors to bring about a continental alliance against England, which were, of course, as futile as the much more dangerous efforts of Edward VII. to detach Austria from Germany. Even Bülow could no longer shut his eyes to the pernicious character of Holstein's influence, and the day came when he advised the Kaiser to accept one of Holstein's periodical offers (or should one say "threats"?) of resignation. The fact that he suffered a severe fainting fit immediately afterwards during a session of the Reichstag gives one food for reflection as to the personal relations between the two men. Some pertinent suggestions are to be found in Emil Ludwig's book on William II.

Even before Bülow's retirement, efforts were instituted to place the Anglo-German relations on a more tolerable footing, and they were vigorously continued under Bethmann-Hollweg. All these endeavors were largely doomed to failure owing to the fact that Tirpitz, supported by the Kaiser, prevailed against all wiser councils of moderation in regard to the naval competition with England. But even so, and although these belated efforts could never have achieved anything comparable with "what might have been," if the earlier chances had not been deliberately thrown away by the German statesmen, they were far from remaining altogether sterile and might have led to better things, if peace could have been maintained a little longer. For, as Hammann reminds us, the Treaty concerning the Bagdad Railway, which had been a bone of contention between the two Governments since the beginning of the century, was lacking only the signatures of the two contracting parties when they were rudely torn away from the conference table by the outbreak of hostilities.

⁂ ⁂

We have taken up here only one of the numerous threads of German foreign politics which Hammann analyzes and traces down to the time when they had formed, under the hands of the German statesmen, the tangled web in which they found themselves enmeshed. But the sample thus presented must suffice to show the reader what he may expect to find in the pages of this book, which may be strongly recommended, as a first introduction and orientation, also to those who wish to delve deeper into these matters at the hand of such guides as Bernhard Schwertfeger and Erich Brandenburg.

Lion Feuchtwanger's forthcoming book is, like his earlier novels, a historical tale, only its history is as of recent making as the last few years. It is a story of the Bavaria of our own times—the Bavaria of the Hitler *Putsch* and recent political happenings. The hero is a political figure who has been wrongly condemned for his supposed part in a post-war complication, and the heroine is the woman who espouses his cause in a hostile world. The book has a large number of figures and is said to be a vivid piece of work.

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In his "Santa Cristina e il Lago di Bolsena" (Milan: Treves) Corrado Ricci has gathered together legends of Etruscans, Popes, and artists as well as of Santa Cristina, whose martyrdom is commemorated every year at Bolsena.

Hows and Whys of Cooking

By

EVELYN G. HALLIDAY *and* ISABEL T. NOBLE

The old fashioned "cooking sense" is acquired only by long hours on the job—hours which the modern woman prefers to spend elsewhere. She must learn, then, exactly what factors contribute toward success and how to control them. *Hows and Whys of Cooking*—a new kind of cook book—will tell her. Repeated tests have enabled the authors to determine just which variables must be controlled in order to produce uniformly good results. Even the kind of baking powder is taken into consideration, and the amount of stirring is shown to have a great deal of bearing upon the consistency of the product. This is scientific cooking made practical.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

ANNIE BESANT. By GEOFFREY WEST. Viking. 1928. $2.

In the volume by Mr. West on Mrs. Besant in the Representative Women series one who seeks merely the chief facts of her life will find them clearly set forth as they might be recounted in some biographical encyclopedia; one who seeks for explanation of these facts need not expect to find it here. The book is of value as the only impartial, non-Theosophical account of Mrs. Besant's career, but there its value ends. Mr. West has not felt it necessary at any point in the story to go behind the scenes; he moves with a light step through the tortuous mazes of the Theosophical movement without evincing the slightest desire to investigate more than the most obvious sources of information. In his list of "works consulted," besides the writings of Annie Besant he mentions only seven, where seventy would have been too few; his acquaintance with Mme. Blavatsky's career is evidently of the slightest; he derives his impression of Colonel Olcott entirely from the unfavorable account in the anonymous 1925 *history of the Theosophical movement*, while on the other hand he deserts that volume where he might far better have followed it in its account of Mrs. Besant's attack upon W. Q. Judge, the fatal step which permanently split the Society.

In dealing with Mrs. Besant's support of the notorious Leadbeater, Mr. West is discreet to the verge of timidity. Throughout his book there is an apparent effort to mitigate by rhetorical praise of his heroine the effect of the damaging evidence which he feels obliged to give. No clear picture of Mrs. Besant is forthcoming. Her sudden change at the age of forty-two from the ardent feminist, identified with nearly every progressive movement of her day, to the equally ardent Theosophist, deserting or denying all her own gods, is entirely unaccounted for. Her dependence for her ideas upon others—Charles Bradlaugh, Madame Blavatsky, Chakravarti, Leadbeater, and even the young Krishnamurti, is not properly underlined, nor is her great ability to popularize and "put over" these same ideas duly emphasized. A fine opportunity to analyze the nature of a typical propagandist has been altogether missed.

EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD. By *A. J. Harrop.* Allen & Unwin.

PROPHETS TRUE AND FALSE. By *Oswald Garrison Villard.* Knopf. $3.50.

WHO'S HOOVER? By *William Hard.* Dodd, Mead.

WILLIAM BATESON, NATURALIST: Essays and Addresses together with a Short Account of His Life. By *Beatrice Bateson.* Macmillan.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF KING GEORGE THE THIRD. Vol. V. Edited by *Sir John Fortescue.* Macmillan. $8.

THE AMERICAN HERESY. By *Christopher Hollis.* London: Shad & Ward.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS. By *William A. MacCorkle.* Putnam. $5.

WITHIN THE WALLS OF NANKING. By *Alice Tisdale Hobart.* Macmillan. $2.25.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By *Hugh Walpole.* Macmillan. $1.25.

WAYNE WHEELER, DRY BOSS. By *Justin Stewart.* Revell. $3.

Fiction

NOVEMBER NIGHT. By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out." Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.50.

There's much in a name. In the case of this novel by the anonymous author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and "The House Made with Hands" the monochromatic whole lies implicit in the title. The book has the sharp, foreboding chill of an old year with only a month to live; the sentences have the brittle quality of sapless branches that break with little staccato reports under their glaze of ice; and over everything there is the strange, distorting black brilliance of winter nights. No hands and no hearts will be warmed at "November Nights."

The book is a portrait of an unpleasant woman. Unbelievably unpleasant. Hedda Gabler has for long symbolized this type of woman but compared with Denise she almost glows. There is, after all, fire in Hedda; she burns more than the "child" of Eilert and Thea. Denise is cut from ice. Immobile on the summit of egotism, she sneers at her world; physical action is too gracious for her; the febrile excitement of perfecting a narrow acrid personality is the only gesture she makes towards living. She is a creature of surfaces: brilliant mental ones intricately etched over, soft, mat physical ones that make her parasitical existence possible. "November Night" analyzes in detail a type which in modified form has been always with us but seems today to have reached its fullest conscious flower. The unconvincing feature of Denise is that her birth too closely resembles that of Venus. She springs full-armed from the void. The impression is given that before the death of her lover and before her economic marriage she was not as she is in the book, but the gap is insufficiently bridged. She is evidently not *une vraie diabolique*, not born but made. But as such and while under observation she is given to the last bored tremor.

The style of the author has been too much sung to need comment here. Her writing actually is as the jacket says, "subtle and delicate . . . precise and beautiful." The suggestion of the feminine is inescapable. All this author's books have been criticized on the hypothesis that they were written by a woman, from the inside out, as it were. It would be pleasant to discover that S. S. Van Dine is the author, but that's not the way things are.

PIRATE'S FACE. By NORVAL RICHARDSON. Little, Brown. 1927. $2.50.

There is quietly distinguished writing and character portraiture, as well as a decidedly ingenious working out of the central situation, in this urbane novel of young marriage and the peculiar problems imposed upon the newly mated pair by their union. They are a gently born couple, neither one of whom has been reared in close contact with material realities—the girl, motherless daughter of a renegade American dilettante possessing a comfortable unearned income, has lived her entire nineteen years with him abroad. He worships this charming offspring as his "masterpiece" and has molded her in accordance with his own lofty ideals of feminine perfection, with the result that Lucienne, completely dominated by his personality, is a supersensitive romantic who perceives but remotely that there is an actual world around her peopled by flesh and blood individuals. Nevertheless, her eccentric father has sense enough to return with his treasure to America when, in her nineteenth year, it is time to choose a desirable husband for her.

He makes a wise selection, but the lad, though in other essentials just right, has no money—an obstacle soon overcome by Lucienne's father through settlement upon her of an allowance. Affection between the young pair exists only on the side of the suitor, but Lucienne, being utterly submissive, they are wed. Only a few weeks later, they learn that poor papa has lost his whole fortune and committed suicide. These preparatory incidents occur very early in the book, and from them proceeds the main narrative, whose unhackneyed background for the most part is Chile and the Andes. For villain, a shadowy, but vital third component of a curiously complex triangle, crops up, a dashing Spanish marquis, he of the pirate's face, who turns out to be a not entirely incredible good fairy. Of the tale we'll say no more, except that we found it thoroughly entertaining and civilized.

TELLINGS. By *Tacy Stokes Paxton.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE DEATH OF SOCIETY. By *Romer Wilson.* Knopf. $2.50.

COBWEB CASTLE. By *J. S. Fletcher.* Knopf. $2.

ARNOLD LEVENBERG. By *David Pinski.* Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

LOVE'S LAW. By *Dorothy Frooks.* Avondale.

JAN, SON OF FINN. By *A. J. Dawson.* Dutton. $2.50.

PETITE PAULINE. By *Ethelwyn N. Curry.* Vinal. $2.

THE AGE OF REASON. By *Philip Gibbs.* Doubleday, Doran.

HEYDAY. By *Jane Abbott.* Lippincott. $2.

DAWN. By *Capt. Reginald Berkeley.* Sears. $2.

THE WOMAN WHO INVENTED LOVE. By *Guido da Verona.* Dutton. $2.50.

CAUGHT. By *Homer Croy.* Harpers. $2.

THE FIFTEEN CELLS. By *Stuart Martin.* Harpers. $2.

THE BUS THAT VANISHED. By *Leon Groc.* $2.

STIGMA. By *Hugo Ballin.* Macaulay. $2.

JEROME, OR THE LATITUDE OF LOVE. By *Maurice Bedel.* Viking. $2.

THE CAVALIER OF TENNESSEE. By *Meredith Nicholson.* Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

CHINA'S CRUCIFIXION. By *Putnam Weale.* Macmillan. $2.50.

TRADER HORN. By *Alfred Aloysius Horn* and *Ethelreda Lewis.* Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

THE SEVEN SISTERS. By *Jean Lilly.* Dutton. $2.

SANDS OF FORTUNE. By *Sinclair Murray.* Dutton. $2.

THE FEATHERED SERPENT. By *Edgar Wallace.* Doubleday, Doran.

THE AMATEUR CRIME. By *A. B. Cox.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

Juvenile

LITTLE GREEN PICKLES and Other Stories. By MRS. J. LORING ARNOLD. Baker & Taylor. 1928.

THESE tales are for the young and those who
Can follow still the fancy of a child.

There are few stories, indeed, that would prove more enjoyable to young and old children. From the first, "The Little Green Pickles," to the very last, "The Witch's Egg," can be found many minutes of amusement. Children will love the uniqueness of these stories; they are totally unlike any of the usual make-believe tales; their elders will enjoy the sly humor of word and distinction of plot.

We find a self-made king who rules his land with a mildly iron hand. No one may think about pickles, talk about pickles, or eat pickles; they are too sore a subject to the royal family. How the clever little Princess Josephine made her royal father repeal the order is too good to tell; you must read it for yourself, if you are one of those "to whom a dream may still be true."

TEEPEE TALES. By EL COMANCHO. Reilly & Lee. 1927. $1.50.

WHITE SWALLOW. By EMMA GELDERS STERNE. Duffield. 1927. $2.

RED PLUME RETURNS. By E. H. WILLIAMS. Harpers. 1927. $1.75.

For the very young "Teepee Tales" by El Comancho and "White Swallow" by Emma Sterne, and for the quite-sure-they're-growing-up "Red Plume Returns" by Dr. Williams. The latter is a sequel to "Red Plume" and a guaranteed thriller with a buffalo stampede and the rescue of Marie from the Cheyennes for the high points. Though Dr. Williams is an authority in his own right on primitive weapons and warfare, "Red Plume Returns" is a rather pallid imitation of Willard Shultz's tales; in fact, Hugh Monroe is inveigled into the book, and the story Shultz set forth in "Rising Wolf" is retold. In spite of the fact that Col. Roberts would raise the hair of any post commander, Dr. Williams makes effective use of his material by the introduction of Bill Hickok and the new six-shooter.

"White Swallow," though designed for children under ten, in its simplicity approaches inanity—a sweetish mixture of canoes, papooses, and fairies with a little vague woodcraft and a Prince Charming to top it off.

"Teepee Tales," on the other hand, though cramped into the well-known framework of stories told to a specific group of children, has a charming directness. The author has drawn his material from the Blackfeet, the Sioux, and the North Pacific Siawash, and has made a not incongruous combination out of Indian lore and scientific explanations of the whys of natural phenomena. The illustrations by Charles Livingstone Bull are small black and white sketches of no especial charm, but of factual interest to children.

International

THE AMERICANS IN SANTO DOMINGO. By MELVIN M. KNIGHT. Vanguard Press. 1928. $1.

LATIN AMERICA IN WORLD POLITICS. By J. FRED RIPPY. Knopf. 1928.

Professor Knight's little book on Santo Domingo is the first of a series of studies in "American imperialism" to be published by the Vanguard Press under the editorship of Professor Harry Elmer Barnes. As its background suggests, its author starts from a fairly definite assumption and proceeds to develop examples and proof. His chapters on early American adventures in Santo Domingo through the American West India Company and the San Domingo Improvement Company, during the Civil War days and shortly after, unearth much that will be novel to most readers, and his story of the turning over of the country to the rule of "deserving Democrats" during Mr. Bryan's term as Secretary of State recall much that is painful.

Much of Professor Knight's case brings up controversial questions on which there may readily be differences of opinion, but all acquainted with Caribbean phenomena will agree with him that the real peril to the independence of the weak, tropical countries near the Canal is not to be found in conscious governmental plots against them, but rather in the "unpremeditated effects of our commercial efficiency, backed by highly organized and generally well-intentioned government services, which are nevertheless often blind to the consequences of what they promote."

The great protection of these small peoples, Professor Knight appears to think, lies in keeping their land out of our hands. "Let the Yankee acquire land, and he will set it in sugar-cane, exploit it with his expensive machines, hire natives to do the dirty work, and generally take charge. Keep him from owning land and nine-tenths of his economic power disappears." Sugar is essentially a big-business proposition. A million dollar investment is about as small a venture as can profitably be made when the sugar produced enters into competition with the highly-industrialized sugar industry of Cuba. In other words, any neighborhood which is taken over by sugar interests becomes almost automatically a neighborhood largely of wage-laborers producing cane for a huge central mill operated more often than not by absentee owners.

Whether or not the reader accepts all of Professor Knight's assumptions or follows him completely in his testimony, he presents a mass of concrete facts and figures which can not be brushed aside without a corresponding amount of patient investigation.

Professor Rippy's book aims to provide a wide general background—that of Latin America as a whole in relation to the various powers, including ourselves—rather than to tell in any detail the story of American relations with any one of them. It is, necessarily, much less concrete, and because of the comparatively detached attitude of the author and comparatively abstract nature of his material, less interesting, perhaps, to the ordinary reader. But both books, in their different ways, furnish a lot of useful material in a field in which the average American is distressingly ignorant.

PRINTING FOR THE JOURNALIST. By *Eric W. Allen.* Knopf. $2.

HEMERIKA'S HEESTRY. By *Milt Gross.* Milton Bradley.

WITH FLY ONLY. By *W. R. F. Reynolds.* Macmillan.

PAGANISM IN ROUMANIAN FOLKLORE. By *Marcu Beza.* Dutton. $2.

YEARBOOK OF AGRICULTURE. 1927. Edited by *Nelson Antrim Crawford.* Washington: Government Printing Office.

FRENCH SIXTEENTH CENTURY PRINTING. By *A. F. Johnson.* Scribners. $3.50.

OH, RANGER! By *Horace M. Albright.* Stanford University Press. $2.50.

HOW TO WRITE SERIAL FICTION. By *Mich Joseph* and *Marten Cumberland.* Holt. $1.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT IN THE DAILY ROU: By *Carleton Doan.* Harpers.

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—F. P. A. in the *N. Y. World*
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Foreign Literature

A New Wassermann

DER FALL MAURIZIUS. By JAKOB WASSERMANN. Berlin: S. Fischer. 1928.

Reviewed by WALTER KIEN

A NEW book by Wassermann is always an event—and not only for Germany. And this fact gains in importance when the book not merely follows Wassermann's own best traditions, but also lives up to the highest standards of contemporary German literature which demands so much of those few who have something to say and know how to say it. Indeed, more than ever intellectual Germany expects today from her greatest an unswerving guidance in re-establishing a well-rounded mental attitude toward this world's problems. "Der Fall Maurizius"—first published in abridged instalments in the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*—presents concisely the answer of an artist with an unusual feeling for ethical responsibility toward the many-sided problem of the injustice of legal forms; presents it not only to Germany, for—as we are all aware—at no time has the problem of justice, of punishment, whether capital or otherwise, roused such general interest as at present.

Since this is a book by Wassermann, we expect naturally not only a basic novel told straightforwardly, but a whole tangle of sub-plots. We are not disappointed. There is the story of the attorney-general Andergast whose self-expression is the brazen rigidity of the law he serves. He has forgotten that the legal apparatus receives its life from the ethical consciousness which it must obey. At the beginning of his career stood the Maurizius case. It made his fame. But he did not realize that the trial of Leonhard Maurizius whose death sentence was narrowly changed to life imprisonment — would continue after its formal conclusion. There is the story of the attorney-general's wife whose life was wrecked by her husband's inhuman yet formally correct cruelty. He had forced her lover to suicide. He had conquered her. Yet in her son, in him who was completely left to his father, she was avenged.

The story of Etzel Andergast, the boy, which forms the core of the book, is masterly. He is not so much a character as the embodiment of the noblest passion in German youth. Still, the author has succeeded in making him so plastically real that one seems to hear his voice. Maurizius has been eighteen years in jail when Etzel becomes concerned about his case. Consumed by revolt against his father's smooth-faced tyranny, Etzel's conscientiousness grasped the injustice against Maurizius. He makes the Maurizius case his own. Wassermann combines the suspense for which ninety-nine per cent. of all detective stories strive in vain with most uncanny psychological insight, in his description of Etzel Andergast's effort to prove Maurizius's innocence. Yet Etzel does not achieve his aim. Once more his father triumphs: Maurizius accepts the pardon which the attorney-general secures for him. But—what he had not intended—Etzel succeeds in breaking his father. Or is it the Maurizius case which does that?

In addition there is the story of Maurizius, of his wife, of her bewitching sister, and of one of the most apocalyptic types which a modern author has created: the enigmatic Georg Warschauer, the man who staged the Maurizius case. With the exception of Etzel, who narrowly escapes, they all are broken by the Maurizius case. Their fates are inextricably entangled: the fall of one drags the others with him.

There is more, however, than its story to be found in "Der Fall Maurizius." There are small, but sharply reflected sections of German life, there are flashlights on the Jewish problem, and,—as is to be expected from an author dealing with problems of present Europe—there are side-glances at America.

The Maurizius case is not completely fictitious. I remember the famous case which stirred all Europe, and I remember the condemned who never confessed his guilt, and, like Maurizius, committed the suicide of the outcast after pardon had carried him into a world changed in everything during the many years of his confinement, save in its horror of him.

Foreign Notes

THE publishing house of Hiersemann of Leipzig is shortly to issue what will be an important work to students of the Orient and those who have connection with it. It is Oskar Nachod's "Bibliographie von Japan, 1906-1926," which is to be published in two volumes, and will contain an exhaustive index of all books and articles on Japan that have appeared in European languages since the publication in 1927 of the second volume of Wenckstern's "Bibliography of the Japanese Empire."

Marie Le Franc, the French-Canadian schoolmistress, who won the Prix Femina last year with "Grand-Louis l'Innocent," a novel about the Breton peasantry, is to have a second novel published by Rieder of Paris. It will be entitled "Le Poste sur la Dune."

Guido Bagier has recently published a work that is of substantial value and at the same time of interest to the lay public on the motion picture. "Der Kommende Film" (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is divided into three sections—past, present, and future. It contains chapters on the history, technique, and esthetics of the motion picture, and discusses its development.

Panait Istrati, whose earlier work is familiar in translation to English-speaking readers, has recently had a new novel published by Grasset of Paris. The book is called "Les Chardons du Baragan."

LIPPINCOTT ■ BOOKS

"ONCE I wasted a year beside a river . . . in hunting, putting up cordwood and carrying the rod for the engineers; but more particularly in thinking of a woman named Rosalee, day and night. I came to know her better than any one else . . . for during that autumn and winter we were alone."

—the first paragraph of

TRISTRAM TUPPER'S

novel of rare beauty—

THE RIVER

"A strange . . . beautiful story . . . that follows the curve of an idealistic first love to a realistic conclusion. Allen John is singing his own Song of Solomon to his own beloved . . . Rosalee of the river." —*New York Times.*

SECOND PRINTING $2.50

LIPPINCOTT ❦ PHILADELPHIA

The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 37. A first prize of ten dollars and a second prize of five dollars are offered to the two competitors who can suggest the largest number of acceptable new words designed to fill serious gaps in the everyday language of educated people. The standard of acceptability will be determined by (a) usefulness, (b) euphony, and (c) the validity of any derivations that the inventor sees fit to suggest. Specialized technical and scientific terms will not be acceptable. Competitors must not offer more than fifteen suggestions. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of July 16.)

Competition No. 38. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the best Behaviorist's Lullaby for a Little Child. (Entries should reach *The Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of July 23.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH COMPETITION

A prize of fifteen dollars was offered for the most amusing poem with a serious moral.

Won by R. DESHA LUCAS of Richmond, Va.

THE PRIZEWINNING POEM

ONCE to the Occident a Prince of Ind
Journeyed and there most indiscreetly sinned.
His wives at home unheeded stayed; indeed
He thought to borrow one in case of need.
Some crafty crooks, learning his nature rash,
Contrived a scheme to ease him of his cash:
One crook's fair wife, amply endowed with It,
Was used as bait and greedily he bit;
While ogling her in a secluded nook,
The husband nosed in with a nasty look;
Outraged, he promised the poor prince aghast
In India to make him an outcast! . .
Three quarters of a million was the sum
Those crooks were paid to keep the matter mum—
But who could hesitate at any price
To ransom princely virtue held by vice?
Reader, to you I piously commend
The moral hereunto that I append:
Go, leave the other fellow's wife alone;
Pay her no more attention than your own.

The best entries were offered by R. Desha Lucas, Phoebe Scribble, Homer M. Parsons, Tom Henry, Marshall M. Brice, J(a)P(e), and Blanche Taylor Cooney.

The entry by Homer M. Parsons is printed below.

THE HEROIC TRAGEDY OF CAPTAIN JINKS'S POCKETBOOK

When Captain Jinks forsook the Horse Marines
They lost an officer of ample means,
Whose prowess at the ancient game of stud
Informed his messmates that their name was Mud.
With twenty thousand cash, he thought it best
To seek some good investment, and invest.
"Of watered stock," said Jinks, "I will fight shy;
Though wet, 'tis like to leave me high and dry.
Now Powder 8% is dry, and yet—
'Tis not for me; I'm sure it is all wet!"

Ill fares the man who leaves his own road for
The tortuous mazes of the realtor.
If foolish gamblers go haywire, and choose
To pile cow chips round lemon trees, they lose
The deal, the ante, reds and blues in flocks;
And lucky he who loses not his socks.
In truth, it was a lemon ranch Jinks bought.
The trees were six years old, and they bore naught,
No matter what shenannigans he'd try
To hurry them; his water bill was high,
His interest higher, and his booze was 'way
Beyond what Horse Marines are wont to pay.
The captain stuck it out a year or two,
And borrowed money. And when it came due
The trees were set to bear. Alas! Alack!
The realtor foreclosed, and took them back,
Leaving poor Jinks to hold an empty sack.

Of morals, there are many might apply:
How you should let a sleeping realtor lie,
(As if that habit could be stopped in sleep!);
How gatherers of wool should stick to sheep,
Shoemakers to their last; how asses should
Admit at playing lapdog they're no good;
How, with new wine in old skins, something's broke
(In this case it was Jinks, and that's no joke.)

But here's the real pat Moral hand, by Heck!—
IN GAMBLING, ALWAYS USE YOUR OWN MARKED DECK.

We print below a contribution held over from a recent competition.

BALLADE OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW

My mental pabulum I know,
Let others read whatso they may;
It gives my mind a genial glow
To con what Canby has to say
In his acute, incisive way;
No sheets of green or yellow hue
For me, such journals I bewray;
I read the SATURDAY REVIEW!

When I would tingle—top to toe—
I turn to William Rose Benét;
He has the zip, he has the go,
That only agile minds betray;
Would you be jocund—that is gay—
I recommend his words to you;
Before I hike to make my hay
I read the SATURDAY REVIEW!

And then there's Morley—nothing slow
If he be grave or yet in play;
I'm sure that he could cause a crow
To look a bird with rosy ray,
Or win song from a raucous jay;
Then there are all the others who
Wear somewhat of the vine and bay;
I read the SATURDAY REVIEW!

ENVOY

Good friends, I toss you this bouquet
For what you don't and what you do;
On every publication day
I read the SATURDAY REVIEW!

Will Phoebe Scribble and Fox Butler please send me their real names and addresses, and Lenore Gale her address?

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to Edward Davison, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. Mrs. Becker's summer headquarters will be at 2 Bramerton St., Chelsea, London.

B. A. B., Troy, N. Y., asks for books on the history of books.

"THE Book, Its History and Development," by Cyril J. H. Davenport (Van Nostrand), covers the history of bookmaking and the development of binding methods and decoration. "Books and Their Makers during the Middle Ages," by G. H. Putnam (2 vols.), goes from the fall of the Roman Empire to the close of the seventeenth century. The indispensable "Printing Types, Their History, Forms and Use," two stately and scholarly volumes by D. B. Updike (Harvard University Press), follows the history of printing through the countries of the world to the present age.

R. B. F., on behalf of a club in the South, asks what books would be useful in planning a course to be called "Through the Opera Glass," to include operas and plays of recent production.

FOR planning such a program, a small book published by Crowell, J. W. McSpadden's "Opera Synopses," will be useful; it gives the outline of the action of a great many operas, including some as recent as "The King's Henchman," "Turandot," "Gianni Schicchi," and Stravinsky's "Le Rossignol," with the standbys and a number of scenarios of American operas, including Henry K. Hadley's "Cleopatra's Night," De Koven's "Canterbury Pilgrims," Victor Herbert's "Natoma." Burns Mantle's "Best Plays" (Dodd-Mead) makes a valuable companion for a program committee; enough of each play is given to make it easy to chose which plays should be read in full. "Behold the Bridegroom," by George Kelly (Little, Brown), Du Bose Heyward's "Porgy" (Doubleday, Doran) in a fine illustrated edition, "The Racket," Barlett Cormack's thriller of Chicago police-politics, which reads almost as breathlessly as it acts, Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" and "Marco Millions" (Boni & Liveright), "Volpone," Ben Jonson's contribution to the Theatre Guild *via* Stefan Zweig (Viking), Galsworthy's "Escape" (Scribner), and Robert Sherwood's "The Road to Rome" (Scribner), "Coquette," by George Abbott and Ann Perston Bridgers (Longmans)—this will give an idea of the degree to which we have overcome our old aversion to the printed play. There is a new and uncommonly good choice of short plays for reading or production in Frank Shay's "Fifty More Contemporary One-Act Plays" (Appleton), and our theatrical literature has just been enriched by the first volume of the plays of James A. Herne to be given to the public in print, "Shore Acres and Other Plays" (French).

While the little opera-book named will do well enough for everyday use, there are several larger handbooks that also give musical themes, analyses, and criticisms, often with pictures of famous singers; the one I have long used is Kobbé's "Complete Opera Book." Upton's "Standard Operas, Their Plots and Their Music" (McClurg) has been brought up to 1916; this is one of the oldest of such guides, appearing first in 1886. Melitz's "Opera Goer's Complete Guide" (Dodd-Mead) has been revised and enlarged to take in operas up to 1926; this costs but two dollars. Ordway's "Opera Book" (Sully) has all the operas put on from 1910 to 1917 in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston. Mary Watkins's "First Aid to the Operagoer" and "Behind the Scenes at the Opera" (Stokes) would be vivacious additions to this equipment, or to an inexperienced operagoer's enjoyment.

S. F. H., Worcester Mass., asks for books with costumes for masquerades.

AS this is for a school, I infer that the costumes will be of home manufacture and of types that may be carried out in inexpensive materials and with maximum of effect for minimum of effort. So, reluctantly passing the pages of Planché and Racinet with their alluring color plates, I advise putting into the school library "Stage Costuming," by Agnes Brooks Young (Macmillan), because it has not only actual patterns, but directions for making all sorts of accessories, including an invaluable chapter on the construction of masks. The author is costume director for that cultural center, the Cleveland Playhouse, and the book does the place credit. Provide the library also with Helena Chalmers's "Clothes On and Off the Stage" (Appleton), a brief history of dress with drawings from which an ingenious young person could readily construct effective garments and head-dresses. The directions for "dressing for the stage" are intensely practical, not only in matters of color and reaction to light, but in attention to those details so tiny when they go right and so colossal when they go wrong. If a pessimist is one who wears both suspenders and a belt, a stage performer is one who fastens a hook and then clamps a safetypin over it. It is not only on the stage that such advice as the following is needed: "Cross strappings which broaden and shorten the foot should be avoided by short, fat women who usually have broad feet, wide heels, and large calves." Grimball and Wells's "Costuming a Play" (Century) is another inexpensive handbook, and so is Constance d'A. Mackay's "Costuming and Scenery for Amateurs" (Holt).

B. W. has seen in a review of the second volume of Rupert Hughes's "George Washington" (Morrow), reference to "the lie regarding Washington's paternity of Tom Posey, of which John C. Fitzpatrick disposed so conclusively," and asks if this disposition was made in book form.

THE George Washington Scandals," by John Clement Fitzpatrick, appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*, April, 1927. The author is a celebrated archivist and authority on the life and documents of Washington; he is assistant chief of the Manuscripts Division of the Library of Congress, and his most noteworthy work has been the editing of the "Complete Diaries of George Washington," appearing in 1925, though he has published other valuable contributions to Washingtonia.

Speaking of magazine articles, *Current Magazine Contents*, known briefly as *Contents*, is a new periodical-index listing contents of over one hundred leading American periodicals concurrently with publication. The April issue indexed the April monthlies and the March numbers of the weeklies, arranging the results conveniently for rapid reference. It is published at Wichita, Kan.

M. F., Tiffin, O., asks where he may get Schopenhauer's "The World as Will and Idea" and a biography of the philosopher.

UNTIL this year "The World as Will and Idea" was available to English readers only through the three-volume translation of R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp (Scribner, $19.50). But the run on this philosopher instigated by "The Story of Philosophy" has brought about a one-volume edition of "The Works of Schopenhauer," abridged and edited by Will Durant, of which "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung" takes the greater part. I never read it before and do not know how much shortening it has undergone, if any, but it shows no signs of condensation. This is a volume of "The Philosopher's Library" (Simon & Shuster)—now let's see if people will read philosophy in the bright beaming spirit with which they read about it.

William Wallace's "Life of Arthur Schopenhauer" (Scribner) holds much of value for so small a book: there is the story of his life and a survey of his writings. I am glad to see that Edgar Saltus's "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" is again in print (Brentano); this is just the sort of thing to read in the brisk twenties, when life is so full of a number of things that one savors a certain amount of gloom on the side. This was when I read Mr. Saltus's distillation of despair, and it was great, especially the one on von Hartmann.

H. M. G., Waterloo, Iowa, asks why the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize, awarded to "Adam's Breed" in 1926, is so named.

IT is named from the donors, magazines for women published in Paris, something on the order of *The Queen*, *Vogue*, or *Town and Country*. The Femina prizes are awarded by a jury of women, famous in the world of letters, but are by no means limited to books by women authors—indeed the jury usually bends backward in its uprightness in this respect, and for a woman's book to win means that it must be very good indeed. This especial award is made for the best novel published in England, suitable for translation into the French language; the runner-up was "Lolly Willowes." Radclyffe Hall's "Adam's Breed" also won the large James Tait Black Prize; as it was a book for which I shouted loudly when Doubleday, Page printed it, I am happy to see that there were such distinguished shouters in other parts of the world.

C. B. W., Gary, Indiana, needs authoritative books on the Egyptian Pyramids for a bookshop customer eagerly interested but unable to find anything later than "A Miracle in Stone," written in 1877.

I BELIEVE that he will have to look through British book catalogues for books on the order of "A Miracle in Stone," for I infer that he is not content with travellers' records or descriptions like those in Maspero's "Egypt," or Robert Hichens's "Egypt and Its Monuments" (Century). "The Witness of the Great Pyramid," by Basil Stewart, was published by the Covenant Co., London, last year. "The Great Pyramid: Its Divine Message," by Davidson and Aldersmith (Williams & Norgate), was attracting some attention when I was in London in 1924. "The Great Law, Told Simply in Seven Visits," by MacHuisdean, was published in Glasgow in 1924, and Edgar's "The Great Pyramid: Passages and Chambers," two volumes of philosophy and prophecy, by Stock, London, in 1913, but in this country all I can find are the works of Pastor Russell, a long list of these being published by the International Bible Students Association, Brooklyn.

T. A., University of Florida, asks about a book on art for a small public library, suitable for a reference book and dealing primarily with the world's best paintings, with not much space given to ancient sculpture or crafts.

EVER since Helen Gardner's "Art through the Ages" (Harcourt, Brace) appeared some two years ago, I have been recommending it to libraries, home or public, that needed a history of art brought to the compass of a single volume, highly readable and illustrated with many small, clear pictures, all this at a reasonable price.

But this inquiry and several others that have lately come my way call for a book on painting alone, and this has recently been provided by Edith R. Abbot, senior instructor in the history of painting at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose "The Great Painters: a History of the European Tradition" is published by Harcourt, Brace. Its style is a model for making results of scholarship available and attractive to an interested reader as yet uninformed; its statements are lucid, undogmatic but definite, and the opinions of other authorities are continually and briefly quoted. The story begins at the beginning of painting in Italy and goes to the present time, and in the many pictures the frequenter of European galleries will recognize any number of treasures, while in the later chapters especially the Metropolitan and other American collections are represented.

C. H. L., Potsdam, N. Y., tells the club of men desirous of finding fiction without female characters that it may add "The House of Dree," by Gordon Gardiner (Houghton Mifflin), to its list.

TWO devotees (like me) of the poems of Robert Herrick tell me what became of the Abbey illustrations concerning which I made inquiry. "They were gathered from the pages of *Harper's Magazine*," says *W. L. G., Ohio State University*, "together with some exquisite head and tail pieces by Alfred Parsons, and published in a scrumptious volume dated 1889 and called "Old English Songs." That book, he says, with the large paper edition of Elihu Vedder's wonderful Rubaiyat drawings, and Alfred Parsons's illustrations for Wordsworth's Sonnets, is one constant source of joy as he looks over his old literary treasures. "Surely," says he, "the nineties were the Golden Age of illustration: nothing in the new form of *Harper's*, *Century*, and *Scribner's* can compensate me for those wonderful drawings by Abbey and Frost and Pyle and Remington and Timothy Cole and Parsons, and I am happy to think that I have the Abbey illustrations in part in so fine a permanent form as Harper gave them." *W. E. B., Cleveland, O.*, says that the story is told in a bookshop there that when Harper's moved some years since a whole edition of "Herrick's Poems" was found in a stray corner, unbound and forgotten: the sheets were bound, and W. E. B. has a copy twelve inches tall, the title page reading, "Selections from the Poetry of Robert Herrick, with drawings by Edwin A. Abbey," preface by Austin Dobson. But alas, Miss Ruth Raphael of Harper's tells me that this too out of print.

Recent Articles

IN THE SATURDAY REVIEW

have aroused a good deal of interest and favorable comment

The Philadelphia Record SAYS: "In any event it is impossible, if one reads literary magazines, to escape this Montague article on Arnold in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW."

The Providence Bulletin SAYS: "I thought I was past being surprised by anything men could say of women's psychology, but I have 'struck a new one.' It is an editorial in THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE on the idealism of George Russell, known as AE. . . ."

The Baltimore Sun SAYS: "THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE began in its issue of last week a series by prominent contemporary writers on old writers of reputation. . . . This is what we call the pure cinderella in a literary magazine."

The Holyoke Transcript SAYS: "For the SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE AE has written an impression of America that we ought to read with care and think deeply upon."

The Chicago News SAYS: "THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE features a critical and personal estimate of Matthew Arnold by C. E. Montague. . . . It is a fine and beautiful tribute. . . . THE SATURDAY REVIEW is to be greatly complimented on its taste in filling two pages with it. . . . One might read literary reviews with an unconcealed avidity if there were more of this sort of thing. . . ."

Of these interesting articles

There Are More To Come

THE SATURDAY REVIEW in subsequent issues will publish pieces by

H. L. MENCKEN
BOOTH TARKINGTON
MARK SULLIVAN
ROBERT FROST
JULIAN HUXLEY

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Points of View

A Salvo to Watson

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I have just been reading Watson's "Feed Me on Facts." The passing of years and the writing of advertisments appear to bring no diminution in his dogmatic tone. One might well paraphrase Pilate and ask "what are facts?" but metaphysics and philosophy have never been Watson's strong points. Apparently for him, "facts" are the things *he* sees, touches, tastes, believes in, etc., regardless of what a large part of the rest of intelligent humanity may consider "facts." I have no desire here to discuss his obsessions with regard to Behaviorism, but as he has now entered on the field of literary criticism he must be considered from a new point of view. I want to protest against one trait of his. He is becoming a sort of word-snatcher, like the body-snatchers of old. He long ago defined psychology to suit himself and refused to allow anyone else to use it in its older meaning. Now he does the same for biography, which from long before the days of Plutarch has been understood to mean a certain form of literature as to its content—the significant or interesting facts in the life of an individual. Mr. Watson now defines it anew to suit himself and declares that because *he* is interested or finds significance in a different set of "facts" from those which others do, that those and no others must constitute a biography, and as they cannot be recovered no biographies can be written. No one, he says, can write a biography except a Boswell and even he can write only one. It is obvious that even Boswell's, however, does not measure up to Mr. Watson's standard of a Behavioristic biography. Now, if no one, according to Watson's definition, ever has or ever can write a biography, what *have* people been writing and reading for several tens of centuries? Have all the rest of us, outside the Watsonian cult, got to find a new word for the old thing merely because Watson wants the word for something that he has defined anew, something that can never be written? Would it not be more modest and rational to find a new word for his new thing and leave the world its old word for its old thing? "On what has this our Cæsar fed that he has grown so great?"

I agree with much that he says about the inanity of the new psychological school of biographers, as well as psychological novelists, but it seems to me that a large share of the guilt must be laid at the doors of the dogmatic and half-baked new psychologists themselves whose "facts," often interesting and significant, do not as yet wholly explain the whole of human life or lend themselves to a coherent system. To anyone who has not a single-track mind, it is absurd, taking *all* the "facts" into consideration, not merely those which Mr. Watson insists shall be fed to him, to believe that saying that a human being in all his activities is shaped solely by his environment explains the whole story. How does it account for that interesting and provocative person, the psychological advertiser Watson himself? If we are all conditioned solely by environment, if there is no free-will, no character, no consciousness even, what becomes of the interest of watching a human being struggle against circumstance? Does not the story descend to the undramatic level of that of the locomotive which draws the Twentieth Century along the track to Chicago? We can make a frog's leg twitch by applying an electric current, but is that sort of action and reaction all that Mr. Watson would have us chronicle in biography or novel? There are things in life, yes, "facts" in life, which cannot be disposed of so easily, and they are the sort of things, interpreted or recorded, which bring literature above the level of a laboratory report. Will a moving picture camera and a dictaphone, used at judicious moments, replace the creative imagination in literature? Did the Greeks know nothing of fate and human life? Did Shakespeare know nothing of the human heart? Did George Eliot and Thackeray and Hardy know nothing of the play of character and circumstance? No, they all lived before Watson and were not Behaviorists. But does not Watson give himself away? If the human being is solely a machine for reacting to stimuli wherein does the significance of one reaction, one "fact" rather than another lie? Why does he insist that a day-dream of sex is more significant than the decision of a statesman in mature life? How can he say that a life of a human being can be "dramatized" if there is nothing more to it than a succession of frog-leg twitchings? Where can we find drama if there is no struggle at all, against fate, circumstance or other wills? It may be that the struggle is, after all, all illusion and that the world is such as Mr. Watson would have us believe, but we must have at least that illusion, and not a thoroughly believed-in Behavioristic theory to make literature of the frog leg when we apply the electric spark, just as we must have the illusion of free-will to accomplish anything. Why should Mr. Watson be so fierce in attacking biographers and novelists and psychologists if they all merely react to stimuli in the natural world? How can they, or he, help themselves? Or does he conceive of himself as a sort of *deus ex machina*, the one unconditioned being who is going to make all the rest of good Behaviorists by supplying us with the proper stimuli through his advertising company? Or perhaps he himself could not help having invented Behaviorism, written many books and working hard as the president of the J. Walter Thompson Company because, like the rest of us according to his theory, he merely reacted to the stimuli of his environment since infancy. That must be it.

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Poetry Forum

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

If American poets have become discouraged by the gloomy outlook portrayed by Ferner Nuhn in the March issue of the American *Mercury*, they will be glad to be reassured that one college at least has an endowed Forum, dedicated especially to them. It is called Play and Poetry Shop Talk and was founded twelve years ago by Jeannette Marks, herself a poet and playwright, as well as head of the Department of English Literature at Mount Holyoke College. It opens its door exclusively to American poets, playwrights, and actors. No wandering foreigner, no matter how far flung his reputation by our assiduous lecture bureaus, nor how great the social pressure, is admitted, for American citizenship as well as literary distinction is a qualification.

In establishing Play and Poetry Shop Talk Jeannette Marks had two definite objects in view—to give college students an opportunity to hear the best of American *littérateurs* with the hope of developing a discriminating audience and to honor American poets at a time when their English and continental brothers were the sole recipients of the adulation of the sycophantic American public.

Its origin, which is passing into folk lore, goes back to a day in 1915 when Vachel Lindsay, with hat tipped back, grasping in one hand an agricultural umbrella and in the other a great portmanteau, hopped off the trolley, carolling merrily "Sweet Rosy O'Grady." Dormitory windows flew up, and out popped the heads of innumerable Rosies as V. L., innocent of the commotion, strolled down the drive to Attic Peace. Since that night, when Vachel Lindsay read his "Chinese Nightingale" and chanted his "Congo," nearly three score poets and playwrights, writers of free verse, sonneteers, and lyrists have trekked to South Hadley so that the cumulative program, which is published every few years, is becoming an interesting historical survey of American poetry and drama. Yearly, too, the audiences have grown, so that to-day a meeting of Play and Poetry Shop Talk is not merely an event for a certain esoteric group, but a forum to which the college flocks as a body. Students with a love of books raid the tiny village bookshop for copies of the lecturer's verse and proudly add to their budding libraries autographed volumes. To stimulate further an interest in modern native literature, Play and Poetry Shop Talk offers three prizes, the first of which is known as the Helen Frances Kimball Award, in honor of its benefactress, for the best three essays on some aspect of present-day (1890-1927) American poetry.

Carl Sandburg has called Play and Poetry Shop Talk the "finest poetry forum in the United States with the exception of the Wisconsin Players."—And certainly, after the extensive researches of Mr. Nuhn, it stands out as a unique effort on the part of founder and donor to give due recognition to this aspect of American culture.

ETHEL BARBARA DIETRICH.

Mount Holyoke College.

The Compleat Collector.

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By Carl Purington Rollins & George Parker Winship.

"Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold."

HERSCHEL V. JONES was a great collector of fine books. Gifted with a sure instinct and a cultivated taste, he added to these the keen understanding of a newspaper man for human values and the courage to pay what was necessary for the things that he knew were desirable. He happened to become active as a collector at a time when the book market was dominated by a man who perverted a whole generation of American collectors by instilling the idea that collecting could be made a money-making pastime. This commercialization of one of the noblest of relaxations had very far-reaching effects, and it demoralized almost every one of the outstanding collectors of the past two decades. In Mr. Jones's case, as in others, there was the unsatisfactory excuse that he could get the books he wanted only by paying for them more money than he could afford for a pastime. As a consequence, he developed a secondary sport out of his collecting, by matching his wits against the book market so as to realize the greatest profit, in money, from his purchases when he came to sell them.

Fate played a scurvy trick on Mr. Jones when it took him off just at the moment when he had perpetrated a barefaced insult to the intelligence of the brotherhood of fine book buyers. He did not mean to do this, one may be sure. It is obvious that there was something more in the wind, and that the two volumes entitled "Adventures in Americana," which came out as Mr. Jones was dying, were designed as the first move in a new game.

These two handsomely bound volumes, full quarto in size, have been offered to the public in exchange for $125. This is quite a lot of money for what claims to be no more than "A selection from the library of H. V. Jones," but there is an added point—"Typography of title-page by Bruce Rogers." Nobody can possess a complete collection of Rogers's work without one of these two volumes, but as there are other things to which he has put his hand in times past, which are even more difficult to come by, it might not be a bad idea to wait and see whether some of the booksellers who have taken copies of these "Adventures" may be willing to separate themselves from a copy for less than the advertised price.

It takes seventy-four words for this Rogers's title to tell what is in the two volumes. The outstanding feature of it is the line, "With a Preface by Wilberforce Eames." Mr. Eames required just fifty words more than are on the title to say all that he felt called upon to say about the subject, and he used only six words to tell what is in the two volumes, "three hundred pictures of title pages." Facing each of these pictures, which are really most excellent facsimiles, is a conventional catalogue description, the whole ensemble closely suggesting the familiar catalogues issued by the firm of Maggs Brothers of London.

Mr. Eames states that the 300 pictures "give a good idea of what a remarkable collection of over seventeen hundred volumes the owner has succeeded in bringing together, in less than half-a-dozen years." There is blank space enough on the pages of these two volumes, at $62.50 each, for a list of the other 1400 titles, but only the 300 are named. It is a very extraordinary lot, with an amazing number of rarities not to be found elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. They cover the whole range of American history, from a Columbus letter to such superlative rarities as "An Account of Knoepfle's Schoharie Cave," "Protestantism in Oregon," and "A Short History of the Wesleyan Mission" to the Hudson Bay Territory, all of 1853; "The Log Cabin Song Book" of 1840; "The Knights of the Horse Shoe, a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion," 1845; "Hopkins's New-Orleans Five Cent Song Book," of 1862, and Sig. R. Abecco's "Sentimental Songster," San Francisco, 1864.

The 300 titles as a group represent the highest priced and the most sought-for books about America that have come upon the market during the past half dozen years. There is no reason to think that the rest of the library would not correspond to these in general character. It covers, moreover, the whole American era, from 1493 to 1897, the latest item being a guide to the Klondike. Taken as a whole, the entire lot of titles shows a curious uniformity in the purpose for which nearly all of these publications, mostly pamphlets, were prepared and printed in the first place. Columbus, Cortes, John Smith alike put pen to paper for the precise object that the compiler of the Klondike Guide had in mind. They were all working for people who had something to sell. There is a subsidiary group of tracts which were not written to promote a scheme, but to take advantage of a scheme that had already been put across. These are the tales of personal adventure in border country, which were ordinarily hawked about by the author or his impersonator. Never before has there been so good an opportunity to study an unbroken sequence of publications of this character, for so long a period. A majority of them form the basis for a good deal of American history. Others, including most of those in the subsidiary group, are known to be fictitious. It is greatly to be hoped that someone will purchase this library and keep it together. If this is done, somebody ought to take advantage of the opportunity to make a careful study of the whole subject of the credibility of land promotion literature, from 1493 to date.

Times have certainly changed, when the Harvard Library announces, gleefully, that it has bought 286 second-hand novels. But the news takes a different aspect when it is explained that these were the titles that Harvard lacked, and except for a scant dozen sold before the catalogue reached Cambridge, all she lacked, out of the 765 listed by Ingpen and Stonehill of London as "A Remarkable Collection of Books illustrating the History of the English Novel from 1600 to 1850." The earlier date should have been a century later, but for the next hundred and fifty years this catalogue is an important contribution to the bibliography of English literature. Its value lies largely in the fact that it is frankly negligible for the recognized authors, whose "firsts" sell for fancy prices, but devotes itself to those who have been, deservedly for the most part, forgotten.

Just as soon as all the copies have gone into the waste-baskets for which they were intended, collectors of books about printing are going to get agitated in their search for the original issue of "The Trail Blazer of Mount Vernon. A Short Story about a Printer who dared to maintain a standard of his own. Fashioned into a Booklet by Advertisers Paper Mills, Holyoke, Mass." It is most unsatisfactory, but it is all that there is available concerning William E. Rudge, who actually produces more than anyone else of the "Fifty Books" of each year.

W.

On Advertisements

TIRED of trying to figure out just how large or how small an edition should be to warrant its being called "limited," I sought relaxation in the advertising columns of the *Saturday Review*. It had been rather definitely intimated by a colleague that if I read more I would write less, so, having not much to write about, I thought it might be an opportune time to follow the first part of his advice.

The first impression, as always when I plunge into the advertising portions of newspapers and magazines, was of the terror and insufficiency of the advertiser. There was a time, when trade was younger, that advertising was rather pleasant to read. The printer had only one or two fonts of type, and the trader had still some modesty: the result was harmony and accord. But with increased assurance and a vastly augmented repertory of type faces, came discord, and

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now no advertiser dares to be as modest as he can, for fear of his neighbor in the next column. In such matters I am hopelessly old-fashioned: I greatly prefer a late eighteenth century newspaper with its comely Caslon or Baskerville type-set advertisements, to any modern hodge-podge, with a different face of type for every advertiser, and all jangle and discord and fear.

Well, it wasn't the type faces which first interested me in my wanderings through the *S. R. L.* It was Boni & Liveright's announcement concerning Miss Loos's new book, that "this first edition . . . is strictly limited to 1,037,296 copies, most of which are for sale. The type has been distributed (after the making of six sets of plates), the paper is pure ragamuffin, coated, (only in spots, we regret to say) by Ralph Barton." Now there's candor for you! To be sure Bruce Rogers has done the same thing for some of his Monotype Company publications —but here is a real publisher doing it in space actually paid for! Nothing like it has happened since the Packard Company's famous "Ask the Man Who Owes for One."

But the chief joy I got from this foray off the reservation, was in that Notions Department called "Counter Attractions." (I'd like, by the way, to call the *S. R. L.* proof-reader's attention to the apostrophe which, as a typographer, would seem to me to make *collectors items* more decoratively perfect). And amid the Counter Attractions I spent the remainder of the evening! There were: *item,* a file of back numbers of the S. R. L. And at what prices, considering that Winship and I had not then begun our coruscating column! *Item,* the usual array of *curiosa;* pretty thin stuff, after all. *Item* "We"—signed. Now, did "we," *both,* sign it? *Item,* "Are you Mentally Isolated?"——a Way of Escape. *Item,* such droll "literary" advertisementlets: a seeker for a small, "non-arty" house for the summer; "Who's Who in Occultism"; and, finally, "Scientific Horoscopes Written by Dr. Smallwood of Pepperell!"

I had no idea that My Foolish Contemporaries were willing to provide such a feast at their own expense. I shall read the *S. R. L.* regularly from now on! R.

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20% DISCOUNT SALE. SCHULTE'S Semi-Annual 20% Cash Discount Sale. Our entire stock of over one half million books, all plainly marked, offered at a special discount of 20% for cash during July. Following are few bargains with 20% discount already deducted. These prices only when cash accompanies order. Cabell's Cream of the Jest, Pape illustrations, first edition, $6.00; Sir Thomas Brown's Complete Works, best library edition, 3 volumes, $6.80; Plotino's Complete Works, 4 volumes $4.80; Ingoldsby Legends, Cruikshank, Leech, Tenniel illustrations, 2 volumes, $10.00; The Bookworm, Treasury of Old Time Literature, 7 volumes, $20.00; Eugene Sue's Seven Cardinal Sins, illustrated, 5 volumes, $10.00; Thornton's American Glossary, 2 volumes, $2.40; George Moore's Daphnis and Chloe, Carra Edition, $2.40; Memoirs of Saint Simon, 3 volumes, $4.80. Schulte's Bookstore, 80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

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THE BULWARK, By Theodore Dreiser. A partially published novel issued in the form of an advertising dummy with several pages of text set up. Issued by John Lane. Several copies are known to exist in good state. Report data and quotation to The Saturday Review, Box 35.

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SCHEDULE OF RATES FOR advertising on this page: For copy inserted twenty consecutive times, five cents a word; for copy inserted any less number of times, seven cents a word; forms close ten days previous to publication. Dept. V. O., The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York City.

TYPOGRAPHY

AUTHOR UNDERTAKING RESEARCH to collect data on early printing and typography in Vermont, will welcome any information interested persons wish to make available toward the writing of a history of this subject. Box 43. The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.

VERMONTIANA

PRIVATE COLLECTOR has extraordinary opportunities to pick up interesting books on and about Vermont. He will be glad to undertake commissions to search for volumes regarding this region. In his library at present are a number of books on Vermont which are for sale. Write for information. Box 42, The Saturday Review, 25 W. 45th St.

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Enter—THE VIKING HAT—*inspired by* TRADER HORN'S *new book.*

Since *The Inner Sanctum's* home is on Fifty-seventh Street, off Fifth Avenue—in the heart of the Hispano-Suiza millinery sector—it is only fitting to show here the new Viking Hat inspired by TRADER HORN'S latest book—*Harold The Webbed* or *The Young Vykings.*

The new book treats of the Vikings in the "dawn-light of history," who adorned their Norse heads with winged helmets. The new Viking hat—1928 model. F. O. B. Fifth Avenue—is made entirely of plumage, coated with a layer of lacquer to resemble metal, and trimmed with Mercury wings.

At some of the smart cocktail parties on Long Island, *The Inner Sanctum* is informed, a favorite game (thanks to *What'll We Do Now?*) is *In Your Viking Hat.*

TO MERRYLE STANLEY RUKEYSER, *The Inner Sanctum's* favorite financial wizard, we have advanced a new suggestion for attaining wealth beyond the dreams of avarice: Simply file suit against all columnists, wisecrackers, gag-artists, editorial-writers, professional-viewers-with-alarm and other makers of American whoopee, charging them with malicious slander, libel and defamation of character for referring to cross word puzzles as dead, declassé or moribund. The triple damages thus collected would establish the Hartswick-Buranelli-and-Petherbridge Fund for Glorifying the Emu and making clear to the entire universe that the gentle checquered art is no longer a frenzied fad, but a solidly intrenched pastime, like bridge or trout-fishing.

In witness whereof *The Inner Sanctum* hereby announces the publication this week of *The Cross Word Puzzle Book—Series Ten.*

The total number of puzzle books sold to date is well into the second million, and since April 1924 two or more of the puzzle books have been on the best-seller list some time each year.

***The Inner Sanctum* is publishing three *new* puzzle books a year—each in a first edition of at least ten thousand copies—and, besides, all the old ones are steady bread-and-butter sellers, with a little strawberry-short-cake to boot.**

Another new publication of *The Inner Sanctum* this week is a novel by the noted playwright DAVID PINSKI. It is entitled *Arnold Levenberg, Man of Peace,* and is translated from the Yiddish by ISAAC GOLDBERG, the biographer of MENCKEN, NATHAN, HAVELOCK ELLIS, and GILBERT AND SULLIVAN.

Of *Arnold Levenberg, The Inner Sanctum* cannot speak in its customary impertinent manner. Here is a book that does not lend itself to sanctimonious ballyhoo. It is offered to the world as pure literature, and stands or falls on its critical appraisal.

The imagination and daring of DAVID PINSKI are indicated by the fact that he is now engaged in writing a biography of Solomon, told through an account of the courtship of each of his thousand wives.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

SOME time ago *The Detroit Free Press* became party to a mammoth idea. It featured a nation-wide contest in a great cause. This was the National Title Contest, conducted by the Reilly & Lee Company, between May 1st and 15th last. The object was—to find a title for *Edgar A. Guest's* new book of verse to be published on his forty-seventh birthday, August 20th. . . .

Wait till we get our breath. This contest has now been won. The $1,000 reward—yes, we said $1,000—has gone to the *Rev. Merton S. Rice*, pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church of Detroit. His title—now get all set; are you ready?—is: "Harbor Lights of Home." This title came to the Rev. Merton S. Rice in a flash of inspiration because he had been sunk in a brown study over the fact that, as he puts it, Edgar A. Guest "has set more safe signals in the way of home in these home-needy days of ours than any other writer now among us." The words tumbled out like that because the Rev. Merton S. Rice was a bit excited at the time,—and who wouldn't be? . . . .

It's that old heart trouble of ours. No, now we're all right. As the judges put it so pithily, "The winning title best typifies the work of Edgar Guest; it is richly suggestive of the good things of life which Guest writes about; it is easy to say and easy to remember, and it is entirely original." After having been informed that his title had been chosen Dr. Rice gathered himself together to expand what he had already indicated he felt concerning Mr. Guest. He said in part:

> Edgar A. Guest is in my judgment the very finest force in America today in defense of the home. With homely, and beautiful, and heart-touching phrases and stories, he is setting clearly before our whole country the fact of parental love and affection and making clear the way for our socially troubled day, out of its storm and threatening darkness, into the secure harbor of a real home life.

In the same issue we have been reading of the Detroit *Free Press*, Mr. Guest himself gives point to these remarks in his commanding lyric entitled "The Worst of Pests," wherein we find, you will admit, homely and beautiful and heart-touching phrase, and, certainly a story. We have space to quote the last verse only. It is richly suggestive of the good things of life, it is easy to remember (unfortunately) and—yes—it is entirely original:

The stop-sign never stops him—he keeps
crawling on his way
And he shows no thought for others or the
law he should obey.
Though a dozen cars are coming, he won't
leave their pathway clear,
They must stop to let him over or profanity
they'll hear.
And I always get a chuckle and I always
get a grin
When somebody strips a fender from the
chap who edges in.

Edgar A. Guest deals with big issues,—oh, big, big! But we knew that,—nor do we longer marvel at certain amazing aspects of this our America. The only thing that makes us a little uncomfortable is that *Llewellyn Jones* of Chicago was one of the judges in this contest. Llewellyn Jones is a man of cultivation and acumen. What in time was he doing in that galley? . . . .

May Lamberton Becker, the spirited conductor of "The Reader's Guide" in this periodical, has been having a pleasant time in England. She attended a varnishing day dinner of the British Artists, went to Canterbury to hear *Masefield's* miracle play in the Cathedral, and spent the day at Purley with Commander Daniel of the "Royal Oak" excitement,—which last, she says, was more like "Pinafore" than anything out of print. "This week," she adds, "the D'Oyley Carte Company gives a different Gilbert and Sullivan every night" . . . .

We regretted to read of the sudden, accidental death of *Donn Byrne*. He was a gifted Irish-American writer. We always admired his "Messer Marco Polo." He had a natural and vivid talent and gave great promise. He seemed to find life a fascinating adventure, and maintained a great romantic zest for it. But he was not the notable athlete the newspapers have called him. . . .

Duffield and Company bring out today a limited *de luxe* edition of *William Gerhardi's* new novel, "Eva's Apples." There are 125 copies signed by the author; the first ten from the press are to be lettered A to J, bound in sheepskin, and will sell for $25. The remainder of the edition will be numbered 1 to 115, bound in decorative boards, vellum backed, and will sell for $10 a copy. Each book is to be boxed, with decorations by *J. Van Everen*. . . .

Hugo Wast seems always to be winning prizes. His "Black Valley" won the Royal Spanish Academy Prize. His "Stone Desert," which Longmans, Green & Company are publishing was awarded the $30,000 Argentine National Prize for 1927. The Longmans edition will be ready about September and the translation is by *Louis Imbert* and *Jacques Le Clercq*. . . .

The same firm, we are glad to note, will bring out in September a new volume by the inimitable *Simeon Strunsky*. It is a fantasy, "King Akhnaton," the story of *Woodrow Wilson* and the Peace Conference taken down in hieroglyphics. In it the father-in-law of Tut-ankh-Amen appears as a startling forerunner of Wilson, King Minos of Crete wears a likeness to *Lloyd George*, and the bickering King Burra Buryash of Babel to *Clemenceau*. There is no need to say that the book is full of flashing satire. . . .

We attended a performance of the Irish Guild Players at the Provincetown Playhouse the other night. Their aim is to establish an Irish Repertory Theatre in New York. Their performances are well worth going to see. They play every Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday night, but maybe through July they will be able to play more evenings a week, with an occasional matinee. They did *Lady Gregory's* "The Rising of the Moon" sublimely, though it seemed to us that they did not do justice to *Padraic Colum's* eighteenth-century one-acter, "The Betrayal." The Irish Guild Players are worth encouraging, and if things shape well they may be able to establish themselves here for the winter in repertory. Ticket prices are extremely moderate at 133 MacDougal Street, so, if you are in town and wish to enjoy a unique theatre experience, you should go to see the Irish Players. Call Morningside 0208 or Spring 8363 for reservations. . . .

Morley Callaghan is a young Canadian, stories by whom have appeared in the transatlantic exotics, *transition*, *This Quarter*, and *Ezra Pound's The Exile*. He also had a story in "The American Caravan" of last year. Now Scribner's has taken him up. In the July issue of *Scribner's Magazine* you will find two of his stories. A third will appear in the August Fiction Number. His first novel "Strange Fugitive," will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons in the Autumn. The last time Scribner's published two stories by the same author in one number, the tales were by one *Ernest Hemingway*. May Mr. Callaghan develop into as bright a star! . . . .

We see that *Frazier "Spike" Hunt* has written the biography of one of our favorite American characters, namely *General George Armstrong Custer* of "Custer's Last Stand." Hunt's "Custer" will be out in October through the Cosmopolitan Book Corporation, and the illustrations that *Captain John Thomason* is doing for the book ought to be the real thing and accurate in detail. Today we have "Lucky" Lindbergh; but once "Lucky" Custer galloped to the front at Gettysburg, crying, "Come on, you Wolverines!" to the Michigan boys at his back. He drove back *Jeb Stuart*, saving the Union right. *Sheridan* made Custer a major-general at the age of twenty-five! . . . .

A novel just out, "They Who Paddle," by *Rosalind Webster*, is a satire on London society written by the twenty-one year old daughter of *Nesta Webster* who wrote "The French Revolution," "The Chevalier de Boufflers," etc. Miss Webster was once her mother's secretary, then turned to social affairs for relaxation, became bored with society, and decided to write. Her initial effort is published by Dutton. . . .

Thanking you for your kind attention!

THE PHOENICIAN

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